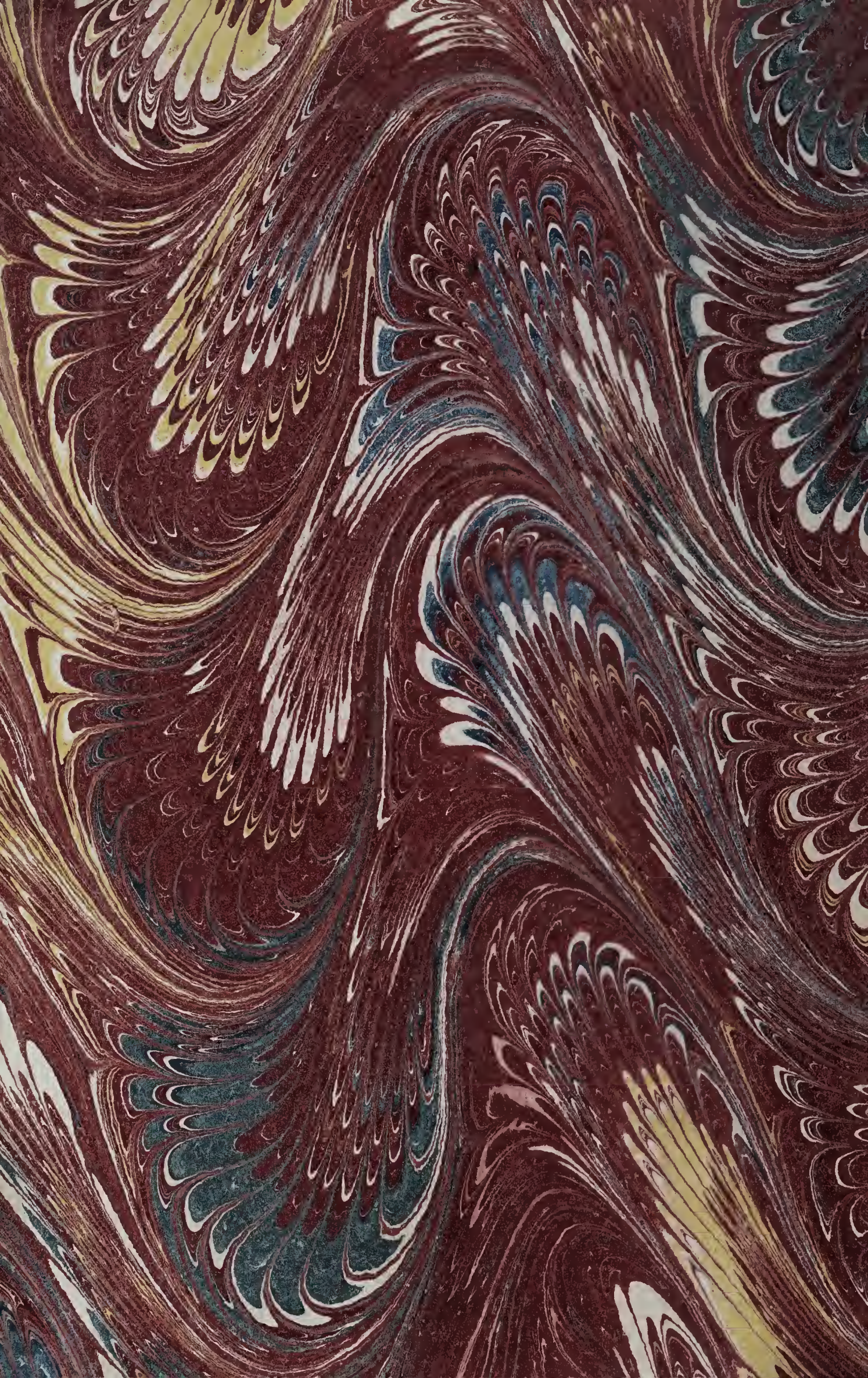

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Newcastle upon Tyne
144, Grey Street,
18 May 1847

Sir,

I delayed replying to your Note until to day, hoping to have seen Mr Adamson, and learnt his intentions respecting the publication of any future portions of the Lusitania Illustrata, but have been disappointed. As yet there are but two parts published, and these were certainly — intended, originally, for private distribution; — but I prevailed upon Mr Adamson to allow their insertion in my Catalogue, as the small stock was in my hands.

I am glad that the receipt of your Note affords me the opportunity of enclosing a List of my Publications for your perusal. The state of

my health compelling me to relin-
quish my business for the purpose
of proceeding to a warmer climate
about the end of the ensuing month
(June), I am offering them during the
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small numbers, — several are private
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Sir

Your Obed.t Servt

Wm Richardson

To C. Brooke, Esq.

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LECTURES ON THE EVIDENCE FROM MIRACLES. Preached in Archbishop Tenison's Chapel, Regent Street. 4s. 6d. 1832.

"This is a re-casting of a subject, which, as it needs to be brought before every succeeding generation, so it is best that it should be clothed in fresh language for each. A Bishop of London gave his mind to it for the benefit of the last, and we think it has been well sustained in the hands of our author for the use of this—an affectation of novelty (the fault of the times in divinity subjects) would not only be ill-judged, but dangerous. Merit in such a work must consist in the writer's powers of reasoning and lucid arrangement—the hope of convincing others must be drawn from the soundness and clearness of his own convictions, and here Mr. Coxe has been eminently successful. We recommend his work to the careful reading of the young student especially, as a forcible statement of the evidence for the truth of our faith, as drawn from miracles, well calculated to counteract the flippant and superficial replies with which such argnments are usually dismissed by undisciplined minds unwilling to think and weigh for themselves."—*Norwich Merc.*, 22 Jan. 1848.

DEATH DISARMED OF HIS TERRORS: a course of Lectures preached in Lent 1836. 1s. 6d. *(Second Edition.)*

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"Well has Mr. Coxe sustained the blessed work of his profession, while exercising the gift of a poetic talent. We do him the justice of subjoining one from among the many gems which the volume contains, as a specimen of the tone and talent which pervades the whole."—*Norwich Mercury*, 22 Jan. 1848.

WOOD-NOTES: the Silviludia Poetica of M. Casimir Sarbievius, with a Translation in English Verse. MUSINGS AT TYNEMOUTH, Ten Sonnets. NORTH AND SOUTH, Ten Sonnets. 5s.

"The Vicar of Newcastle, Mr. Coxe, has printed, and in a pretty form, some poems, under the title of 'Wood-Notes' (Newcastle: Richardson.) They consist chiefly of a version of the 'Silviludia' of Casimir. Of all Casimir's poems these least bear translation; or, to say the truth, they read a good deal better in Mr. Coxe than in the original. . . . Appended to this work of Casimir are some original sonnets, 'Musings at Tynemouth,' and 'North and South.' These are much above the average: some, especially in the last set, are very solemn in their cadences, and rich in diction."—*Christian Remembrancer*, October, 1848.

MUSINGS at TYNEMOUTH, Ten Sonnets. NORTH and SOUTH, Ten Sonnets. 1s. 6d.

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LETTER TO SIR ROBERT PEEL, Bart., M.P., First Lord of the Treasury, on CHURCH LEASES. Demy 8vo. 2s. 6d.

JOHN ADAMSON, K.T.S. and K.C. of Portugal, and Corresp. Memb. Roy. Acad. Sciences, Lisbon, F.L.S., F.R.S., etc.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO, a Tragedy from the Portuguese of Nicola Luiz, with Remarks on the History of that unfortunate Lady. Foolscap, 8vo. 2s. Newcastle, 1808.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LUIZ DE CAMOENS. 2 vols. 8vo. Published 1*l.* 4*s.*—12s. Lond. 1820.

LUSITANIA ILLUSTRATA: Part I. Selection of Sonnets, translated from the Portuguese. With Biographical Sketches of the Authors. 7s. 6d.

"The deservedly high reputation enjoyed by Mr. Adamson as the author of an original and extended Memoir of the Life and Writings of Camoens, might in itself be cited as affording a strong presumption that a work so analogous in detail to its predecessor as the present, would be marked by the same traits of ability that distinguished such former production; and that the wider sphere of investigation opened by the more diversified nature of his present labours, would only call forth additional evidence of the writer's untiring exertions and skilfulness of research. Nor would such an inference be unsupported by the character of the publication before us; which, independently of its high claims on our admiration as an erudite and well authenticated digest of biographical information, conveys also a spirited and faithful translation of appropriate specimens of each succeeding poet,—thus affording us a lively knowledge of their several styles of composition. In the execution of the latter department of this design, it is but just that we should declare our approbation of the refined taste and critical knowledge evinced by Mr. Adamson; whose smooth and easy versification and pleasing and harmonious language, cannot fail to inspire the reader with a higher zest for the elevated beauties of the original pieces.

Monthly Review, April 1842.

LUSITANIA ILLUSTRATA: Part II. Minstrelsy. 5s. 6d.

"We received this handsomely printed book so late in the month, and when our matter was made up, that we have only room here so say, that this part, treating of the *Minstrelsy of Portugal*, with specimens in the original language, and translations of them into our own, owes its publication (as did its predecessor) to one of the first Portuguese scholars in England, viz. Mr. Adamson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This gentleman is well qualified for the task of illustrating the annals of Portugal, since he possesses, perhaps, the best library of Portuguese works in the country—is a corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Lisbon—has translated into his mother tongue, a tragedy, on the subject of *Ignez de Castro's* fate, by a native Portuguese—and, for his researches with respect to, and exercitations in the lore and literature of our old ally, has been decorated with two royal orders of merit by its ruling powers."—*Hood's Magazine.*

Lusitania Illustrata:

NOTICES

ON THE

HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, LITERATURE, &c.,

OF

Portugal.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT. PART I.

SELECTION OF SONNETS,

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

JOHN ADAMSON, M. R. S. L., F. S. A., F. L. S.,

CORRESP. MEMB. ROY. ACAD. OF SCIENCES OF LISBON,
&c., &c., &c.

Newcastle upon Tyne:

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M.D.CCC.XLII.

DEDICATION.

TO HIS GRACE

The Duke de Palmella.

My Lord Duke,

In dedicating this little work to your Grace, I wish to make some slight return for the kindness with which you have honoured me.

Your Grace will remember that when the Diploma and Insignia of the Order of Christ, which the Queen of Portugal had graciously conferred upon me, were transmitted, your Grace was pleased to observe that this mark of Her Most Faithful Majesty's approval of what I had already done, would, your Grace felt persuaded, be an incentive to my

continuing to illustrate the Literature of Portugal. That intimation I received as a command, and I now venture to send this volume into the world, as the commencement of a series of publications, chiefly devoted to the purpose to which your Grace referred; but which, not being solely confined to the Literature, are intended to treat also of the History and Antiquities of that Kingdom and its possessions.

Distracted as Portugal has sometimes been by wars and revolutions, the most friendly relations have continued, with great constancy, to be maintained between that country and Great Britain; and this intercourse has been instrumental, although not to that extent which might be wished, in making her Literary Treasures known and appreciated amongst us. In times gone by we have had the Lusiad translated by Sir Richard Fanshaw, subsequently by Mr. Mickle, and in our days by Mr. Musgrave. We had also translations of some of her early Historians and Chroniclers, whilst in more modern times through the works of Mr. Murphy, Dr. Southey, Mr. Kinsey and others,

much valuable information has been given to the British public. Mr. Hayley and Lord Strangford were the first to introduce the minor productions of Camoens to our notice.

The care and labour I took in bringing together the materials for the Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Camoens, have been more than repaid by the honours which have been bestowed upon me by Her Most Faithful Majesty, in conferring upon me the orders of Christ and the Tower and Sword. But these marks of approbation were not the only gratifications I received; for to that work I am indebted for the honour of having become known to your Grace; for the kind attention shewn to me in Paris by Dom José Maria de Souza, the Editor of the splendid edition of the Lusiad; and for my acquaintance, either personal or by correspondence, with many other distinguished Portuguese; amongst whom I must not neglect particularly to mention my friend the Chevalier de Almeida Garrett, a fellow-labourer in the field of Literature, and who, as one of her modern Poets, and skilled in her ancient language

and Poetry, holds now so high a place in the Literary history of Portugal.

I have chosen for the commencement of these publications a selection of Sonnets, a species of composition which has for ages been a favourite with the Portuguese Poets; and I have given such accounts of the various authors as I have been able to collect. It is probable that works of other Poets, equally worthy of notice, with some of those from which this collection has been formed, have been passed over. The apology is, the scanty knowledge hitherto obtained, and the difficulty of procuring their productions. It is, however, to be expected that the Literary intercourse between the two countries will increase, and there is no bar to the merits of these Poets being attended to in a subsequent publication.

It is not intended to trace the Sonnet from its earliest appearance in Portugal, but to commence with that period, which was fixed upon by Francisco Dias in his Analysis of the Portuguese Language, as the foundation of a School of Poetry,

which broke through in a great measure the prevailing practice of writing in Latin, and showed "That the Portuguese language was not inferior "to any other either in copiousness of diction or "gravity of style;" and which period occurred when Sá de Miranda, the first poet in the following series, flourished.

In perusing the Sonnets, the dates at which they were written must be taken into consideration; and it will be perceived, that, in order to leave myself more unfettered in endeavouring to convey the meaning of the originals, I have not in the translations, confined myself to those strict rules, which the fastidious writer has so generally allowed to govern him in the construction of the verse; but have taken such liberties in the structure, as seemed expedient to render it most available for the purpose proposed.

In the selection I have endeavoured to give such pieces as best evince the abilities of the Poets, and the feelings and passions, which appear to have influenced and directed them in their com-

position. There will therefore be found amongst them the impassioned effusions of the lover, marking the vicissitudes as smiles rewarded, or as misfortunes clouded his career; the rich and playful extravagance of fancy displayed in the anacreontic pieces; the exulting or affectionate tribute paid to valour or departed worth, the praise of rural scenery, and the fond recollections of the country; the sober lesson of exhortation; and the deep repinings of regret for time mispent. In the perusal will also be traced the early or golden age, as it was called, of the Poetry of Portugal, next its decay, and lastly its restoration by Poets whose productions have comparatively lately appeared in the world, and who have now departed from it.

That the Sonnet existed in Portugal long before the time at which I have commenced, there is not any doubt; and it may not be uninteresting to notice here, the successful imitation of ancient writing, which was practised by Antonio Ferreira, one of the Poets from whose works I have given specimens; though not either of the

two Sonnets I am about to mention. Vasco de Lobeira, a Portuguese, was the supposed author of the Romance of Amadis de Gaul; and two Sonnets were said to have been discovered, which removed all doubt as to his claim to that honour. These were reported to have been composed in his praise by the Infante Dom Pedro, the son of King Joaõ the First, or by the King Affonso the Fourth. Manoel de Faria e Souza was imposed upon by them so long ago as when his Europa Portuguesa was written, wherein they are mentioned; and Dr. Southey was so far misled by their appearance, in a collection of works, published at Lisbon in 1791*, as to adduce them as evidence, although he denied the exact period of their composition; the Royal or princely author to whom they were assigned, not living at a period exactly suitable to have praised Lobeira, but the language being considered by him as of the age of Joaõ the First. Dr. Southey in a letter to me admitted he had been deceived, and the productions have since been given to Ferreira, who was

* Obras ineditas dos nossos insignes Poetas dada a luz por Antonio Lourenço Caminha, Lisboa 1791.

the perpetrator of this literary fraud, and published in the enlarged edition of his works. It is fortunate for the honour of Portuguese literature that other evidence exists as to the author of this celebrated Romance.

I have the honour to be

My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most obedient and
obliged Servant,

JOHN ADAMSON.

Newcastle upon Tyne, Sept. 13, 1842.

Names of the Poets.

Francisco de sá de Miranda.
Antonio Ferreira.
Luis de Camoens.
Pedro de Andrade Caminha.
Diogo Bernardes.
Fr. Agostinho da Cruz.
Fernaõ Alvares do Oriente.
Francisco Rodriguez Lobo.
Manoel de Faria e Souza.
Antonio Barbosa Bacellar.
Violante do Ceo.
Francisco de Vasconcellos Coutinho.
Pedro Antonio Correa Garçao.
Antonio Diniz da Cruz.
Domingos Dos Reis Quita.
Claudio Manoel da Costa.
Joaquim Fortunato de Valadares Gamboa.
Joaõ Xavier de Matos.
Paulino Cabral de Vasconcellos.
Antonio Ribeiro dos Santos.

Manoel Maria de Barbosa du Bocage.
Francisco Manoel do Nascimento.
O Conde da Barca.
Domingos Maximiano Torres.
Belchior Manoel Curvo Semedo.

Francisco de Sá de Miranda.

This Poet, descended from a noble family, was born at Coimbra in the year 1495, and in accordance with the wishes of his parents, studied law at the University of that City, arriving at the degree of Doctor. The death of his Father closed his legal career, for which he had had no predilection; and, left to follow his own inclinations, he visited most of the cities of Europe. On his return he tarried some time at Court, but afterwards retired disappointed to his Quinta near Ponte de Lima, where he spent the remainder of his life. His Poems, through which a vein of melancholy runs, consist of Sonnets, Elegies, and Redondilhas; and his two Comedies, which were remarkable productions for the time they were composed, were frequently performed before the Cardinal Dom Henrique. He is accounted the founder of a new school in Portugal, and one of her most distinguished Poets. He married Dona Briolanja de Azevedo, whose father being dead, the overtures were made to her brothers; who, being aware that their sister had neither youth or beauty to recommend her, would not conclude any compact until he had seen her; and an interview having been arranged, he thus accosted her, "Chastise me, lady, with this staff, for having come so late." Her amiable disposition, however, fully compensated for her defect in beauty, and he never recovered the shock occasioned by

her death. He gave up all his pursuits, and only afterwards composed the latter of the two following sonnets. In this he records as well the melancholy event, as the virtues of his lost partner; and, after pointing out that good actions and not extensive wealth, were the characteristics of what was called the golden age, states his opinion that it would not be likely to be restored in Portugal, whilst Lisbon and Oporto were, from their commercial intercourse, the seats of opulence and luxury. He died at the age of sixty-three, and was buried at the church of Sam Martinho de Carrezedo.

Sá de Miranda had two sons; the elder was sent when a boy to Africa. Here, having arrived at considerable rank, he fell by the side of Dom Antonio de Noronha,* the friend of Camoens. The virtuous qualities which this youth possessed, and the great expectations which his father entertained from his excellent conduct, made him feel very sensibly his loss. Antonio Ferreira addressed a letter to the disconsolate parent couched in terms so appropriate, that Sá de Miranda dedicated to him the Elegy, which he composed on his death. The daughter of his other son became the wife of Dom Fernando Cores de Sotomayor, whose marriage dowry was the manuscript of her grandfather's Poems.

* This young nobleman had been sent to Ceuta, where his uncle was Captain General, to remove him from the presence of the grand-daughter of the Conde de Abrantes, between whom and his son the father had discovered an attachment, of which he did not approve. Camoens wrote an eclogue on his death, in which is the following passage.

But while his tell-tale cheek the cause betrays,
  To him who mark'd it with affection's eye;
And speaks in silence to a father's gaze
  The fatal strength of Love's resistless sigh;
Parental art resolv'd! alas to prove
The stronger power of absence over love.

RBC NGU

O Sol he grande, caem co a calma as aves,
Do tempo em tal sazão, que soe ser fria :
Esta agoa que d'alto cae acordar-m'hia,
Do sono naõ, mas de cuidados graves.
Oh cousas todas vans, todas mudaves !
Qual he tal coraçaõ qu'em vós confia ?
Passaõ os tempos, vae dia trás dia,
Incertos muito mais que ao vento as naves.
Eu vira já aqui sombras, vira flores
Vi tantas agoas, vi tanta verdura,
As aves todas cantavaõ d'amores.
Tudo he seco, e mudo e de mestura,
Tambem mudando-m'eu fiz doutras cores,
E tudo o mais renova, isto he sem cura.

The sun is high—the birds oppress'd with heat
Fly to the shade, until refreshing airs
Lure them again to leave their cool retreat.—
The falls of water but of wearying cares
To me the memory give. Things changeful all
And vain ! what heart in you its trust may place,
While day succeeds to day with rapid pace,
Far more uncertain we, than whether squall
Or fav'ring breeze the ships betide.—I see
About me shady groves with flowerets deck'd—
Waters and fountains—fields with verdure gay—
The birds are singing of their loves the lay.—
Now like myself, is all grown dry and check'd,—
Yet all shall change again, save only me.

Aquelle Espirito já tambem pagado
  Com elle merecia, claro, e puro,
  Deixou de boa vontade o valle escuro
De tudo o que cá vivo como anajado.
Aquelle sprito que do mar irado
  Desta vida mortal posto em seguro,
  Da gloria que lá tem de herdade, e juro,
Câ nos deixou o caminho abalisado.
Alma aqui vinda nesta nossa idade
  De ferro, que tornaste a antiga d'ouro
Em quanto câ regeste a humanidade.
  Em chegando ajuntaste tal thesouro,
Que para sempre dura, ah vaydade,
  Ricas areas deste Tejo, e Douro.

That spirit pure, which from this vale of woe
  Contented journey'd—In exalted spheres
  Justly rewarded for its well-spent years,
Left us, as weary grown of scenes below.
That noble mind an harbour safe hath gain'd,
  Through life's vex'd sea its voyage perform'd at last;
  Leaving the track by which it fleeting past
To that pure glory rightfully obtain'd—
Thou soul that cam'st in this our iron age,
  By deeds, which with humanity were fraught,
Fain had'st restor'd th' olden time, of sage
  The theme, and hoards of purer treasure brought,
Design'd to everlast—Presumption bold!
While Tejo's sands are rich and Douro's shores with gold.

Antonio Ferreira.

Sá de Miranda was denominated the Theocritus of Portugal, Gil Vicente her Plautus, and Ferreira her Horace. Ferreira was born at Lisbon in 1528, and was sent to the University of Coimbra, where he studied under Diogo de Teive, obtained a Professor's chair, and subsequently was appointed a Judge. He followed the steps of Sá de Miranda, in studying the Italian Poets and introducing their style into the Portuguese language. He also, much to his honor, and like his predecessor, opposed and overcame the prevailing custom of writing in Latin, composing his works in the vernacular language. He was cut off in the forty-first year of his age, by the plague, which raged in Lisbon in the year 1569, and from his amiable and kind disposition was lamented by a large circle of friends, including many of the best poets and learned men. The work upon which the fame of Ferreira rests is his celebrated Tragedy, founded on the story of Dona Ignez de Castro, which has been translated by Mr. Musgrave, who has given a life of the Author, and a full and critical account of this, almost the earliest, Tragedy of Modern Europe.* His other works embrace nearly every description of minor compositions, besides which he wrote two Comedies. Diogo Bernardes composed a beautiful sonnet, complimenting him upon the production of his Tragedy.

* Ignez de Castro, a Tragedy, by Antonio Ferreira, translated from the Portuguese, by Thomas Moore Musgrave. 12mo., London, 1825.

O Alma pura, em quanto cá vivias,
Alma lá onde vives já mais pura,
Porque me desprezaste? quem tam dura
Te tornou ao amor, que me devias?
Esto era, o que mil vezes promettias,
Em que minh' alma estava tam segura,
Que ambos juntos huma hora desta escura
Noite nos soberia aos claros dias?
Como em tam triste carcer me deixaste?
Como pude eu sem mim deixar partir-te?
Como vive este corpo sem sua alma?
Ah que o caminho tu bem mo mostraste,
Porque correste a gloriosa palma!
Triste de quem não mereceo seguir-te.

O Spirit pure, purer in realms above,
Than whilst thou tarried in this vale of pain;
Why hast thou treated me with cold disdain,
Nor, as thou ought, return'd my faithful love?
Was it for this, that thou so oft profess'd—
And Thee believing was my heart secure—
That the same moment of death's night obscure
Should lead us both to days of happy rest?
Ah why then leave me thus imprison'd here?
And how did'st thou alone thy course pursue,
My body lingering in existence drear
Without its soul?—Too clear the reason true!—
Thy virtues rare the glorious palm obtain,
While I, unworthy, sorrowful remain.

A Ti torno, Mondego, claro rio
Com outr 'alma. outros olhos, e outra vida :
Que foy de tanta lagryma perdida,
Quanta em ti me levou hum desvario ?
Quando eu co rosto descorado, e frio
Soltava a voz chorosa, e nunca ouvida
Dequella mais que Serra endurecida,
A cuja lembrança inda tremo, e esfrio.
Doc'engano d'amor ! que m'escondia,
Debaixo de vãs sombras, que passáram
Outro ditoso fim, qu' alma já via,
Já a minha noite amanheceo hum dia,
Ja rim os olhos, que tanto choráram ;
Ja repouso em boa paz, boa alegria.

To thy clear streams, Mondego ! I return
With renovated life, and eyes now clear ;
How fruitless in thy waters fell the tear—
When Love's delirium did with me sojourn !
When I, with face betraying anguish deep,
And hollow voice, and unsuspecting ear,
Knew not the danger of the mountain steep
Whereon I stood—of which my soul with fear
The mem'ry chills. Seducing wiles of love !
'Neath what vain shadows did you hide my fate—
Shadows that swiftly past the happier state,
Which now this breast enjoys—Now peace I prove ;
For smiling day succeeds the clouds of night,
And sweet repose, and joys, and prospects bright.

Luis de Camoens.

Next in succession is Luis de Camoens, and the Sonnets here given, are taken from the ample Memoirs of his Life and Writings published in 1820*. It would be impossible, in a note like the present, to give an account of this distinguished and celebrated poet who was born, apparently to have run a happy career, but who closed his life in misery and poverty. He was born in 1524, brought up, as were most of the youths of family, at the University of Coimbra, attended the Court, was banished therefrom, went to India, served his country, returned, and died in an almshouse in 1579. His remains were interred in the church of Santa Anna, in Lisbon. The following Sonnet was, some years ago, composed by the Author of these Translations as an Inscription to be put up to his memory.

Ye, who have wept o'er genius sunk in woe,
  When earlier years were spent in jocund round,
  In gentle pity dew the hallow'd ground
Where Camoens, Lusitania's Bard, laid low
Rests 'neath this pile. For with diviner art
  Has poet e'er thy secrets, Love, reveal'd,
  Or, with th' ennobling glow of valour steel'd,
Pourtray'd those deeds in which he bore a part?
Though cold neglect oft dimm'd his aged eyes,
  Far as the distant verge, whence glittering Sol
    In orient pomp leads forth the cheerful day,
To where his beams are hid 'neath western skies,
  Th' enraptur'd nations now his name extol,
    And own the beauties of his heav'n-born lay.

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens, by John Adamson, F. S. A. 2 vols., 8vo., 1820.

LUIS DE CAMOENS

Se quando vos perdi, minha esperança,
  A memoria perdêra juntamente,
  Do doce bem passado, e mal presente,
Pouco sentíra a dor de tal mudança.
Mas amor, em quem tinha confiança,
  Me representa mui miudamente
  Quantas vezes me vi ledo, e contente,
Por me tirar a vida esta lembrança.
De cousas de que apenas hum signal
  Havia, porque as dei ao esquecimento,
    Me vejo com memorias perseguido.
Ah dura estrella minha! Ah graõ tormento!
  Que mal póde ser mór, que no meu mal
    Ter lembranças do bem que he já passado?

O Hope, long lost! if when thou took'st thy flight,
  My mem'ry too had sped with thee to range;
  How trifling had I felt the fatal change
Of present grief succeeding past delight.
But Love, alas! with whom I plac'd my fate,
  Foe to my life—whene'er I comfort know,
  Malign against my peace contrives to show
The full remembrance of my former state:—
Joys scarcely felt, and by me long resign'd,
  From drear oblivion's gloom to stray no more,
Recall'd by him, again before my mind
  Appear to flit.—Hard lot I must deplore!
What sorrow greater than, when woes increase,
The recollection of departed peace?

Horas breves de meu contentamento,
  Nunca me pareceo quando vos tinha,
  Que vos visse mudadas taõ asinha
Em taõ compridos annos de tormento.
As altas torres, que fundei no vento,
  Levou, em fim, o vento que as sostinha :
  Do mal que me ficou a culpa he minha,
Pois sobre cousas vãas fiz fundamento.
Amor com brandas mostras apparece ;
  Tudo possivel faz, tudo assegura ;
Mas logo no melhor desapparece.
  Estranho mal ! estranha desventura !
Por hum bequeno bem que desfallece,
  Hum bem aventurar, que sempre dura !

Short hours of joy ! onward ye fleeting past !
  But little did I ween the gay delight
  Would soon be follow'd by so sad a blight,
And years of grief that should for ever last !
Those airy prospects, form'd on fancy's scope,
  Soon by the power that rais'd them were o'erthrown ;
  Of all my woes mine is the fault alone,
Who on such slight foundation built my hope.
In forms deluding and enchanting show
  Deceitful Love appears to gain his power,
Kind—condscending—but to pangs of woe
  Exulting leaves his victim. Luckless hour !
  When fortune will'd I should become his toy
  Advent'ring peace secure for transient joy.

Está o lascivo, e doce passarinho
  Com o biquinho as pennas ordenando ;
  O verso sem medida, alegre, e brando,
Despedindo no rustico raminho.
O cruel caçador, que do caminho
  Se vem callado, e manso desviando,
  Com prompta vista a sétta endireitando,
Lhe dá no Estygio Lago eterno ninho.
Desta arte o coraçaõ, que livre andava,
  (Postoque já de longe destinado)
    Onde menos temia, foi ferido.
Porque o frécheiro cego me esperava
  Para que me tomasse descuidado,
    Em vossos claros olhos escondido.

Behold yon little songster, sportive, gay,
  Which warbling sweet his tuneful woodland note,
  With slender beak decks out his feather'd coat,
And hops, unfearful on from spray to spray.
Then see the savage fowler, softly come,
  On tiptoe stealing—cautious in his art,
  He draws the fatal string—the death-plum'd dart
Consigns the little trembler to his doom.
Just so my heart, (though destin'd for a state
  Where love should dwell and pour forth tender sighs,
Was struck, much more unconscious of its fate ;
  For in the sparkling lustre of thine eyes
Conceal'd the blindfold archer was in wait,
  That he might so his careless prey surprise.

A formosura desta fresca serra,
E a sombra dos verdes castanheiros ;
O manso caminhar destes ribeiros,
Donde toda a tristeza se desterra :
O rouco som do mar, a estranha terra,
O esconder do Sol pelos outeiros,
O recolher dos gados derradeiros,
Das nuvẽes pelo ar a branda guerra :
Em fim, tudo o que a rara natureza,
Com tanta variedade nos offrece,
Me está (se naõ te vejo) magoando :
Sem ti tudo me enoja, e me aborrece ;
Sem ti perpetuamente estou passando
Nas móres alegrias, mór tristeza.

The mountain cool, the chesnut's verdant shade,
The loit'ring walk along the river side,
Where never woe her sad abode hath made,
Nor sorrow linger'd on the silv'ry tide.—
The sea's hoarse sound—the earth with verdure gay—
The gilded pomp of Phœbus' parting rays—
The flocks that tread at eve their homeward way—
The soft mist yielding to the sunny blaze.—
Not all the varied charms and beauties rare
That nature boasts—when thou, my sole delight !
Art absent from me, to my aching sight
Can comfort give, but as a prospect drear
And cold before me stand—I onward go,
And joys as they increase, increase my woe.

Pensamentos, que agora novamente
  Cuidados vãos em mi resuscitais,
  Dizei-me : E ainda naõ vos contentais
De ter a quem vos tem taõ descontente ?
Que phantasia he esta, que presente
  Cad'hora ante os meus olhos me mostrais ?
  Com hũus sonhos taõ vaos, inda tentais
Quem nem por sonhos pode ser contente ?
Vejo-vos, pensamentos, alterados.
  E naõ quereis, de esquivos, declarar-me,
Que he isto que vos traz taõ enleados ?
  Naõ me negueis, se andais para negar-me ;
Porque se contra mi estais levantados,
  Eu vos ajudarei mesmo a matar-me.

Tell me, my thoughts ! which now before me raise,
  Of woes the sad remembrance, and renew
  The grief I fondly hop'd no more to view ;
Is not my measure full of hapless days ?
How is it, that, in vacant forms of air,
  Mine eye each hour some long-lost vision sees ?
With dreams and shadows would you soothe the care
  Of him whom dreams and shadows ne'er could please ?
I see you sadly chang'd—e'en with disdain
  Refusing mention of the secret spell
    That holds you thus in doubt—the charm disclose—
Though sworn to silence, let me not in vain
  Intreat—if leagu'd against my life—yet tell—
    For I will join to end my term of woes.

Doce contentamento já passado,
  Em que todo o meu bem só consistia ;
  Quem vos levou de minha companhia,
E me deixou de vós taõ apartado ?
Quem cuidou que se visse neste estado
  Naquellas breves horas d'alegria,
  Quando minha ventura consentia,
Que de enganos vivesse meu cuidado ?
Fortuna minha foi cruel, e dura,
  Aquella que causou meu perdimento,
    Com a qual ninquem póde ter cautella.
Nem se engane nenhuma creatura,
  Que naõ póde nenhum impedimento,
    Fugir do que lhe ordena sua estrella.

Sweet Bliss now lost ! from whose pure source alone
  My comfort came and all my joys arose ;
Borne by what hand, and whither art thou flown,
  While I am left to mourn, and sunk in woes,
Thy distance to bewail ? ah ! who that view'd
  My short-liv'd hours of peace, when Fortune's smile
  Was kind, and hid my cares beneath its guile,
Could think to see me thus by fate subdued ?
But soon she changed, and made me feel her smart,
  And robb'd me of the bliss I now deplore
By means beyond the power of human art.
  And thou, vain Man, deceive thyself no more !
For 'tis fallacious hope and idle pain
To fly the evils that her stars ordain.

Suspiros inflammados que cantais
  A tristeza com que eu vivi taõ lédo ;
  Eu morro, e naõ vos levo, porque hei medo
Que ao passar do Letheo vos percais.
Escriptos para sempre já ficais
  Onde vos mostraraõ todos co' o dedo,
  Como exemplo de males ; e eu concedo
Que para a viso de outros estejais.
Em quem, pois, virdes largas esperanças
  De amor, e da fortuna, (cujos danos
Algũus teraõ por bemaventuranças)
  Dizei-lhe, que os servistes muitos anos,
E que em fortuna tudo saõ mudanças,
  E que em amor naõ ha senaõ enganos.

Ye sighs, which breathe the sadness of my soul,
  With which I liv'd contented and serene !
  I die—yet leave ye in this mortal scene,
Dreading, lest as I go, from mem'ry's scroll
Effac'd, ye own oblivion's dark controul.
For ever as a beacon here ye stand,
  To guard from error those who idly dream
  That Love is joy—that with her golden gleam
Fortune will fav'ring bow to their command—
Warning from shipwreck on a fatal strand !
Say, ye have stoop'd in rev'rence at their feet
  For long a slave—but that at last ye found
  Fortune was fickle, ever changing ground—
And Love composed of falsehood and deceit.

So despois de esperança taõ perdida,
  Amor por causa alguma consentisse
  Que inda algum 'hora breve alegre visse,
De quantas tristes vio taõ longa vida ;
Hum 'alma já taõ fraca, e taõ cahida
  (Quando a sorte mais alto me subisse)
  Naõ tenho para mi que consentisse
Alegria taõ tarde consentida.
Nem tamsómente o amor me naõ mostrou
  Hum 'hora em que vivesse alegremente,
De quantas nesta vida me negou ;
  Mas inda tanta pena me consente,
Que co' o contentamento me tirou
  O gosto de algum 'hora ser contente.

If after Hope so lost—so spent in vain,
  Love of his tyrant treatment should relent,
  And, pitying all my lengthen'd woes, consent
That one fond hour should close a life of pain :
My soul now worn, and so by sorrow prest,
  (When known the purport of this new decree)
Would scarcely strain the blessing to my breast,
  So long denied to mis'ry and to me.
For I have liv'd a life of ceaseless grief,
  And love, unkind, hath never urg'd his power,
  To gild the gloom with one short happy hour,
But hath withheld, obdurate, the relief—
Thus when my joys receiv'd the cruel blight,
The wound destroy'd all feeling of delight.

Ditoso seja aquelle que sómente
  Se queixa de amorosas esquivanças,
  Pois por ellas naõ perde as esperanças
De poder n'algum tempo ser contente.
Ditoso seja quem estando ausente
  Naõ sente mais que a pena das lembranças ;
  Porqu' inda que se tema de mudanças,
Menos se teme a dor quando se sente.
Ditoso seja, em fim, qualquer estado,
  Onde enganos, desprezos, e isençaõ,
Trazem hum coraçaõ atormentado.
Mas triste quem se sente magoado
  De erros em que naõ pode haver perdaõ
Sem ficar na alma a mágoa do peccado.

Happy the man, who but of love complains,
His dear delusions and his coy disdains,
  Some days of comfort may be yet in store,
  His hopes are safe, and when his trial's o'er
His cares may end, and peace succeed to pains.
Happy the man, who absent from the source
Whence flow'd his grief, his sorrows had their course,
  Feels but the mem'ry of departed joy ;
  Should dreaded ills his anxious thoughts employ,
E'en if they came, 'twere with diminish'd force.
Happy his state, who from contempt and scorn
  Suffers alone : But woe to him the smart
  Of faults to pardon which must wound the heart,
And place within the soul, of sin the thorn.

Pedro de Andrade Caminha.

Although this Poet was the friend of Ferreira, and was an ardent admirer of him, yet his works were not collected and printed until 1791, after the manuscript of them had been discovered by the Senhors Fr. Joaquim Forjaz, and José Corrêa da Serra, Members of the Academy, who had been deputed to examine various Portuguese MS. in the Livraria da Graça, where they were found with the name of Fernaõ Pinheiro de Brito on the first page, and who had been merely the proprietor of the volume. The work was printed by order of the Academy in 8vo. Caminha was a native of Oporto, and a Fidalgo of some rank, whose family came originally from Castile. He was a Gentleman of the Chamber of the Infante Dom Duarte, brother to King John III. Dom Duarte, who held him in high estimation, conferred many benefits upon him, which were continued afterwards by Sebastian. He married Dona Paschoela Coutinho, Lady to the Queen Dona Catharina, a person endowed with prudence and judgment, who left behind her a manuscript volume of maxims which were preserved in the Library of Manoel Severim de Faria. Caminha died at Villa-viçosa, in the year 1594. Although his Poems lay so long apparently lost, they were esteemed by his immediate friends at the time of their composition. The Sonnet chosen for this work was written by the Author in praise of the Poem of Jeronymo Cortereal, on the second siege of Diu in India, which was bravely defended by Mascarenhas, the Governor.

Espritos valerosos, e esforçados
Que tanto ao mundo tem de si mostrado ;
De hum valeroso esprito e esforçado,
Deviaõ dignamente ser cantados :
E a feitos com razam tam celebrados,
Se devia alto verso e celebrado ;
E que tudo a alto som fosse cantado
Em branda voz, e em cantos desusados.
A tudo isto respondes igualmente,
Rarissimo Hieronymo, e em cores
Vivas, mostras aos olhos quanto cantas :
Deste louvor alheo, mil louvores
Justamente te vem, nam só da gente,
Mas dos que entendem mais, que mais espantas.

With equal force should sweep the Poet's Lyre
As fill'd the spirits of those sons of Fame,
Whose val'rous deeds secur'd the world's acclaim.—
The Hero's ardour and the Warrior's fire
Should in the cadence of his measures gleam—
Harmonious sounds, unknown in vulgar song,
Justly to deeds of bold emprize belong,
When such brave actions form the Poet's theme.
Full well thy Lay—Jeromino, pourtrays
In lively tints, revealing to the eye,
Th' achievements grand which bear thy Muse's praise—
And for that praise, from all, who can descry
The beauties of thy verse and feel its power,
Is due th' approving meed, the Bard's immortal dower.

Diogo Bernardes.

Diogo Bernardes was a native of Ponte de Barca, on the River Lima. He is called by Machado the Prince of Pastoral Poetry, and acknowledged by Mr. Southey to be one of the best of the Portuguese poets. Being passionately attached to the River Lima, he has rendered it celebrated in his works, one volume of which is intitled "O Lyma," and another "Flores de Lyma." He was the friend of Ferreira and Caminha, and younger than Camoens. When Sebastian undertook the conquest of Africa, he chose Bernardes to accompany him, that he might record the deeds of valour by which the victory was to be obtained and the conquest ensured. Sebastian hoisted his standard, being the representation of our Saviour crucified, and Bernardes composed the sonnet upon the occasion which is given in this collection. Sebastian fell and the poet was made prisoner. When a captive he wrote an Elegy,* wherein, in

* His Elegy immediately follows the Sonnet in his works, and commences:—

Eu que livre cantei ao som das agoas
Do saudoso, brando, e claro Lima
Hora gostos d'amor, outr' hora magoas,
Agora ao som do ferro que lastima
O descuberto pe, choro cativo
Onde choro nam val, nem amor s'estima.

I who, while free, to the soft murm'ring sound
Of Lima's crystal stream, of love have told
First the delights, and then heart-rending tales;
Now to the clank of galling chains which wound
My naked feet, a captive, griefs unfold
Where weeping sooths not, nor where love avails.

beautiful language, he contrasts his then wretched state with his former happiness.* He obtained his liberty, and died in 1596, at Lisbon, where he was buried in the same church which contained the ashes of Camoens. Bernardes is accused of having purloined some of the Sonnets of Camoens and given them as his own, but as his works were first published in the same year that he died, it would be more charitable to impute the appearance of the sonnets of Camoens in them to the mistake of the printer, which might easily happen as the Editio princeps of the Rimas of Camoens, published in 1595, did not contain a third part of the Sonnets which were afterwards recognized as the productions of that poet, and printed in subsequent editions.

Bernardes was married to a Lady every way worthy of his choice and situation; but in one of his letters he writes that the cares consequent upon that event interrupted, in some measure, his commerce with the Muses. He was at one time in the service of the Court, much esteemed by the Infante Dom Duarte, and accompanied the Secretary of State, Pedro de Alcaçova Carneiro, to Spain, when he went Ambassador from Sebastian to Philip the Second. When he returned from the disastrous expedition to Africa, he obtained an appointment under Cardinal Albert of Austria, who was Governor of Portugal, which he held until his death.

The first Sonnet given in this work is addressed to his favourite river the Lima, and the second was written to his friend Don Alvaro Pirez de Castro.

* Besides the Elegy mentioned, he alludes to his misfortune in one of his letters addressed to Jorge Bacarraõ and also in another of his Elegies.

Lima, que neste valle murmurando,
Em quanto o Sol s'esconde em occidente,
A tua natural vezinha gente
Fazes adormecer com teu som brando.
Eu saudoso d'outro estou velando
Ouvindo murmurar tua corrente,
E com dôr de me delle ver ausente,
Com lagrimas a vou accrescentando.
E tu, que ledo para o mar caminhas,
Cuidar me fazes (tal he o som que deixas)
Que triste vás chorando minhas magoas :
Mas a verdade he que tu te queixas
De recolher em ti lagrimas minhas,
Porque te turvaõ tuas claras agoas.

O Lima, thou that in this valley's sweep
Now murm'ring glid'st, with soothing sounds the while
That western skies obscure Sol's gilded smile,
Luring the neighbours of thy stream to sleep.
I, now lovelorn, of other sounds than thine,
Catch but the whispers as thy waters flow,
And, in the lov'd one's absence sunk in woe,
Increase thy wave with gushing tears of mine.
And whilst meand'ring gently to the sea
Seemeth methinks—so sweet the moan thou makest,
That thou a share in all my griefs partakest—
Yet I'm deceiv'd, thou but complain'st of me ;
That the intrusion of my falling tear
Should break the surface of thy waters clear.

Se brando amor vos trata asperamente
D. Alvro, meu Senhor ! se vos condena
A padecer sem culpa tanta pena,
Que bem mostrais no rosto o qu'alma sente :
Soffrei, servi, amai, sede contente
Do que quem vòs amais, de vos ordena ;
Que a pòs a tempestade ha luz serena,
A pòs a noite Sol resplandecente.
Quando destes trabalhos, que passais,
Colherdes (como espero) doce fruito,
Alegre vos será sua lembrança :
E posto que vos falte esta esperança,
Deveis (só pola causa) estimar muito
Lagrimas, que sem causa derramais.

If Thee, my Friend, should Love, of nature kind,
Like to a tyrant treat, and e'er impose
Upon thee, blameless, all his host of woes,
And well thy mein betrays what now thy mind
In sorrow feels—contented suffer all
The cruel pangs, which she thou lov'st ordains ;
For gentle calm succeeds the direful squall,
And gilded mornings follow nights' dark reigns.
As well I hope, when these thy torments end,
Thou 'lt gather the sweet fruit of all thy toil,
Then dear will be the memory of the past—
And e'en should fate thine ardent wishes foil,
For the lov'd cause, that did thy bloom o'ercast,
Pride should'st thou in the tears, which thou did'st so
mispend.

Pois armarse por Christo naõ duvida
Sebastiaõ, graõ Rey de Portugal ;
E o leva por guia : no sinal
De nossa Redempçaõ, de eterna vida.
Deixar naõ podes de te ver vencida
Africa, a tal esforço, a insignia tal,
Inda que por Anteo, e Anibal
Fosses (como mãi sua) defendida.
Se naõ queres sintir, com novo damno,
A perda, qu' inda em ti Cartago chora
D'um aceita o governo, e d'outro a ley ;
Que pois o valor nobre Lusitano
Foi sempre vencedor, que far' agora
Diante de tal Deos, e de tal Rey !

Since, now that Lusitania's King, benign,
To wage thy battle, CHRIST, to arms resorts,
And high aloft—his guide—the standard sports
Bearing the Picture of thy death divine.
What Afric, canst thou hope, but by such host
To see thyself o'erwhelm'd ; e'en could that chief,
Thy Hannibal and other warriors lost
Come to thy succour and attempt relief.
Would'st thou avert a desolation new
Such as thy Carthage still in mem'ry bears,
Then bow submissive where no chance appears—
Accept Sebastian's sway—God's ord'nance true—
If Lusian valour ne'er was known to quail,
With such a King and God how must its force prevail !

Fr. Agostinho da Cruz.

The works of this amiable and pious man, which consist of Sonnets, Eclogues, Elegies, &c., were collected and published at Lisbon, in 1771, by Jozé Caietano de Mesquita, under the title of Varias Poesias. The manuscripts were communicated to him by the Religious of the Arrabida. He was the brother of Diogo Bernandes, their surnames being Pimenta, and was born in 1540. Agostinho joined the household of Dom Duarte, the son of the Infante of that name, and as this prince delighted in literary pursuits, he was readily admitted into his service. At this early period were shewn those feelings of devotion and piety, which led him to forego the advantages which he might have derived from this high patronage, and to devote his life to religion. Amongst the Fidalgos who frequently visited at the palace of Dom Duarte were the Duke de Aveiro, and his son, the Duke de Torres Novas, from whom Agostinho received many proofs of attention and kindness, as well before as after he became a monk.

Dona Isabel, the widow of the Infante Dom Duarte, and mother of the young prince, was the patron of the Religious of the Arrabida, and had founded the Convent of Santa Catharina de Ribamar, in 1551. Her house was the resort of the pious, and here Agostinho met with the venerable Father Jacome Peregrino, and, through him, was allowed by the Infanta to take the habit of San Francisco da Provincia da Arrabida. His noviciate was served in the little convent

of Santa Cruz, on the Rock of Lisbon, whence he took his name of Da Cruz. This Order was the most austere in Portugal, and a long account is given, in the Life prefixed to his Poems, of the deprivations and rigour to which he patiently submitted. In one of his Eclogues he describes his year of trial, which being over, he professed and received his name.

Having spent several years, during which he had filled, amongst other situations, that of Superior of the Convent of San Jozé de Ribamar, he obtained permission to retire and become a Hermit on the Serra da Arrabida, where he might lead the remainder of his life totally abstracted from the world. The Duke de Aveiro and his son were, at the time this resolution was made, at their Quinta of Azeitao, and Agostinho considered it his duty to communicate personally to them the change which he was meditating to make. His reception was most kind and cordial; and the cell, in which San Pedro de Alcantara had resided, being occupied by the Father Diogo dos Innocentes, and there not being any place in which he could live, the Duke, at his solicitation, promised to have erected for him a little shed, which might protect him from the sun in summer and the rigour of winter. In one of his Sonnets Agostinho records what took place at this interesting interview.

Sometime elapsing before the Duke remembered his promise, Agostinho set to work and with his own hands put up a small cabin, which he afterwards rendered more efficient to resist the weather. The Duke, however, visited the place, and, seeing his condition, had a hut erected, which, as little was required, was soon raised and dedicated to his use.

At a subsequent period the Religious represented their dissatisfaction that these two Hermits should be allowed to remain where they were, and urged that their licenses should be withdrawn; Diogo, therefore, renounced his patent, and Agostinho received orders to repair to the Convent of Alcobaça. Whether, however, at his own wish to continue, or from fear that the Duke de Aveiro might reproach him if he removed, it is ascertained that he remained in the Serra until March, 1619, when, being attacked with a fever, the violence of which completely overcame his strength, he was taken to the Infirmary which the Provincia had at Setubal. Here he was visited by the Duke de Torres Novas, and on the information that his recovery was hopeless being communicated to him, he received it with piety and resignation, being well prepared for the awful change. He had the Sacraments administered to him, and died on the 14th May. His corpse was laid out in the principal chapel of the Church of the Annunciation, which was near the Infirmary, and, that order might be kept and every respect shewn, the soldiers from the Duke's palace were placed as sentinels, until, as the Duke had ordered, and as Agostinho had wished, it should be interred in the Convent of the Arrabida. The body was removed by sea, the vessel being decorated with rich tapestry and boughs of trees, and accompanied to the place of embarkation by the public authorities and principal persons of the place, as also by the Duke de Torres Novas and the Marquis de Porto Seguro, who thus closed the kind attentions they had shewn to Agostinho during his life.

Passa por este valle a Primavera,*
As aves cantaõ, plantas enverdecem,
As flores pelo campo apparecem,
O mais alto do louro abraça a hera :
Abranda o mar : menor tributo espera
Dos rios, que mais brandamente descem,
Os dias mais fermosos amanhecem,
Naõ para mim, que sou quem dantes era.
Espanta-me o por vir, temo o passado ;
A magoa choro d' hum, d' outro a lembrança,
Sem ter já que esperar, nem que perder.
Mal se póde mudar taõ triste estado ;
Pois para bem naõ póde haver mudança,
E para maior mal naõ póde ser.

Of lively Spring this vale displays the charms,
The birds here sing, and plants and flowers are seen
With joy to deck the fields ; the ivy green
Around the loftiest laurel twines its arms.
Calm is the sea, and from the river's flow,
Now gently ebbing, asks a smaller due—
Whilst loveliest dawnings waken to the view ;
But not for me who ne'er a change must know.
In tears I fearful wait my coming fate,
And mourn the memory of my former state,
And nought have I to lose, nor ought to hope—
Useless to him a change, for whom nor joy
Nor pleasure may his future time employ,
Whose sorrows can admit no wider scope.

* This Sonnet is entitled "To his sorrowful state."

Do Lyma, donde vim já despedido,
Cavar cá nesta Serra a sepultura,
Naõ sinto que louvar possa brandura,
Sem me sentir turbar do meu sentido :
A lãa de que me vem andar vestido,
Torcendo em varias partes a costura,
Os pés que nús se daõ á pedra dura,
Nem me deixaõ ouvir, nem ser ouvido :
O povo cujo applauso recebeste,
Vendo teu brando Lyma dedicada
A Principe Real, claro, excellente,
Louvará muito mais quanto escreveste :
De mim, meu caro irmaõ,* menos louvado,
Louva comigo a Deos eternamente.

Of Lyma, whence I bent my pilgrim way
In this lone mount my sepulchre to make,
I may not to the beauties tune my lay,
For thoughts would rise which I should now forsake.
The humble garb of wool about me bound,
Form'd to no fashion, but a lowly vest,
And feet which naked tread the stony ground,
From worldly converse long have closed my breast.
The gaysome throng, who loudly laud thy name,
Seeing thy gentle Lyma 'neath the care
Of one, a noble prince and monarch's heir,
The more thou writ'st the more will sound thy fame.
Brother, though I on thee less praise bestow,
Jointly let ours to God eternal flow.

* This Sonnet is addressed to his brother Diogo Bernardes, and the prince is Dom Sebastian, King of Portugal.

Fernaõ Alvares do Oriente.

Little is known of the history of this author, who, born at Goa, the capital of the Portuguese possessions in India, about 1540, had the addition given to his name of "Do Oriente." He was attached to the study of poetry when a youth, and his education being finished, entered into the marine service. In the expedition in 1573 by the Viceroy Dom Antonio de Noronha, for the relief of Damaõ, he had charge of a small vessel; and he subsequently commanded another ship under the Admiral Fernaõ Tellez. His "Lusitania Transformada" is a pastoral work, a mixture of prose and verse, in imitation of the Arcadia of Sannazaro, and the following Sonnet is one of the poetical pieces introduced. It has been wondered that this poet should have laid his scene in Portugal in preference to the countries of the East to which he belonged; and although it is supposed, from passages in his works, that he had visited Europe, it is by no means certain that he did so. The rumour that he was the author of the fifth and sixth books of the Romance of Palmeirim de Inglaterra proves to be unfounded, as most probably will the conjecture, that the Lusitania Transformada is the lost work of Camoens, said to have been abstracted from him at Mozambique, and which is alluded to by Diogo de Couto in his Decades. An improved edition of his work, revised by one of the members of the Royal Academy of Sciences, was published in Lisbon in 1781.

De alegre claridade e deleitosa
Nos mostra a Lua agora o rosto cheio :
Pouco e pouco depois a luz fermosa
Perde seu resplandor co' lume alheio.
Cria o veráo no campo a flor e a rosa,
Depois o Ceo lhe despe o fresco arreio ;
A calma séca a fonte sonorosa,
Que estilando esta rocha está do seio.
Quem no mundo fundou sua esperança,
O estilo sabe mal do mundo escasso :
Que o Ceo se muda e o Sol, muda-se a Luna.
Taõ sogeito o mortal vive á mudança,
Que se o tempo n'hum ser tem firme o passo,
He sómente em naõ ter firmeza algũa.

Plac'd in the spangled sky, with visage bright
The full orb'd Moon her radiant beams displays ;
But 'neath the vivid Sun's more splendid rays
Sink all her charms, and fades her lovely light.
Spring with the rose and flowers adorns the field,
Yet they are doom'd to doff their gay attire—
The murmuring fountain to Sol's parching fire
The sparkling stream from rock distill'd must yield.
And he who founds on earth his hopes of ease,
Ill knows the order which this earth obeys ;
Nor sky, nor sun, nor moon, a lasting peace
Enjoy, but ever change—and so the days
Of man precarious are, that tho' he seem
To flourish long, yet falls the fabric like a dream.

Francisco Rodriguez Lobo.

Rodrigues Lobo is also principally known by his compositions of a similar description with that of Fernaõ Alvares, and like him few details have reached us as to his life. We are only enabled to state that his ancestors had been noble; that he was himself born at Leiria, in Estramadura, about the year 1550, and distinguished himself as a student of Law at the University; that he was much attached to a country life; and that he perished in crossing the Tagus from Santarem, his body being interred in the Chapel of a Convent, near the place, where it had been thrown on shore by that river.

Various have been the opinions which have been given as to the extent of the genius of this author, the preponderance is, however, considerably in his favour, and he may be classed with the old and sterling writers of the golden age of Portuguese Literature. Mr. Bouterwek writes that "his works are susceptible of three divisions, which approximate to each other. To the first belongs his prose work 'The Court in the Country,' in which not any verses are introduced. Three connected pastoral romances form the second and most considerable portion, where the prose is merely a beautiful connecting link, by which the work is made a whole. The third comprises the author's miscellaneous poems."* The first work bears the title of "Corte

* Bouterwek History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature, translated by Thomasina Rose, where a full account of the writings of Lobo will be found.

na Aldea e Noites de Inverno." The second division consists of the Primavera, or Spring, from which our first Sonnet is taken, being from that part wherein he praises the country near the Mondego;—Pastor Peregrino, or the Wandering Shepherd, and O Desenganado, or the Disenchanted. The Poems consist of a work intended for a national Epic Poem, but which is merely a versified sketch of the life of the Constable Nuno Alvarez Pereira, who was looked upon as the Cid of Portugal, and is much better celebrated by Camoens in the Lusiad—a Poem on the Journey of Philip the III. to Portugal, some Eclogues, and various Romances, which are accounted good. The works were published together in a handsome folio volume at Lisbon in 1723, but it does not contain any account of his life although intended to "revive the recollection of one of the best Portuguese Poets."

The second Sonnet is given as the production of Lobo in the Feniz Renascida, but is not found in his printed works, whence a suspicion arose that it had been composed by another Poet, and Fernaõ Alvarez was mentioned as being the probable author. This suspicion has now, however, vanished, and Lobo is allowed "the reputation of having produced a Sonnet equal in beauty to the best in the language." It is a curious coincidence that he should have perished in the river Tagus to which this Sonnet is addressed.

Agoas, que penduradas desta altura
  Cahis sobre os penedos descuydadas,
  Aonde em branca escuma levantadas
Offendidas mostrais mais fermosura ;
Se achais essa dureza tam segura,
  Para que porfiais agoas cansadas ?
  Ha tantos annos ja desenganadas,
E esta rocha mais aspera, e mais dura.
Voltay atraz por entre os arvoredos,
  Aonde os caminhareis com liberdade,
    Até chegar ao fim tam desejado ;
Mas ay que saõ de amor estes segredos,
  Que vos naõ valerà propria vontade,
    Como a mim naõ valeo no meu cuidado.

Waters ! which pendent from your airy height,
  Dash on the heedless rocks and stones below,
  Whilst in your white uplifted foam ye shew,
Though vex'd yourselves, your beauties much more bright.
Why, as ye know that changeless is their doom,
  Do ye, if weary, strive against them still ?
  Year after year, as ye your course fulfil,
Ye find them rugged nor less hard become.
Return ye back unto the leafy grove,
  Through which your way ye may at pleasure roam,
  Until ye reach at last your long'd for home.—
How hid in mystery are the ways of Love !
  Ye, if ye wish'd yet could not wander free—
  Freedom in my lorn state is valueless to me.

Fermoso Tejo meu, quão differente
  Te vejo, e vi, me vês agora, e viste,
  Turvo te vejo a ti, tu a mim triste,
Claro te vi eu já, tu a mim contente.
A ti foi-te trocando a grossa enchente,
  A quem teu largo campo naõ resiste,
  A mim trocou-me a vista, em que consiste
O meu viver contente, ou descontente.
Já que somos no mal participantes,
  Sejamolo no bem : oh quem me déra
Que fossemos em tudo semelhantes !
  Mas lá virá a fresca primavera
Tu tornarás a ser quem eras de antes,
  Eu naõ sei se serei quem de antes era.

How, lovely Tagus ! diff'rent to our view
  Our past and present states do now appear—
  Muddy the stream, which I have seen so clear,
And sad the breast, which you contented knew.
Thy banks o'erflow'd, through unresisting plains,
  Thy waters stray by fitful tempests driven—
  Lost is to me the object which had given
A life of pleasures or a life of pains.
As thus our sorrows such resemblance bear,
  May we of joy an equal cup partake !
  But ah what fav'ring power to me can make
Our Fates alike—for Spring, with soothing air
Shall to its former state thy stream restore ;
Whilst hid, if I again may be as heretofore.

Manoel de Faria e Souza.

Lope de Vega writes, that as Camoens was the Prince of Poets in the vernacular languages of Spain, so Faria was the Prince of Commentators in any language.

The Life of this learned man, who was a Knight of the Order of Christ, was written in Spanish by D. Francisco Moreno Porcel,* and an account of him has been given by the accomplished writer of the article on the Memoirs of Camoens, in the Quarterly Review.† Identified as he is with the Literature of Portugal, and more especially with her greatest Poet, we have drawn upon these authentic sources at some length, abridging what on reference to the more ample details will be found very interesting.

The date of his birth is the 19th March, 1590. It took place at the Quinta de Caravela, in the Souto de Pombino, situate between Guimaraens and Amarante, near the River Visella, in the province of Entre Douro e Minho. His father was Amador Perez de Eiró, Fidalgo da Casa Real; his mother was Luiza de Faria e Souza, of higher family

* Retrato de Manuel de Faria y Sousa, Cavallero del Orden Militar de Christo y de la Casa Real. Folio, Lisboa, 1733. Porcel selected the following passage from his Poems as a motto to his Biography of Faria:—

Oid toda mi Vida, que fue Muerte;
Con que toda mi Muerte sera Vida.
Vida, que se quedo, por varia suerte,
Por el Mundo en pedagos dividida;
Muerte, que uniendo aora esses pedagos,
Al Olvida me quite de los braços.

Wherein Farira describes the latter part of his life as being a living death, chosen of his own accord, and that he might save himself from oblivion after he had ceased to live.

† April, 1822.

MANOEL DE FARIA E SOUSA

than her husband, deducing her origin from the time of the Romans in Spain. Manoel was baptized at the church of Santa Maria de Pombeiro, an ancient Benedictine Monastery under which his father held his estate; and of which Order he was brought up with the intention of becoming a member.

In his tenth year, having learnt the rudiments of it, he was sent to Braga to study Latin Grammar, and also Logic; to these, however, he preferred the more congenial study of Poetry. He had shewn great skill, when a boy, in illuminating books, and dexterity in penmanship; and whilst at Braga not only read the best of the Peninsular Poets, but composed many works as well in verse as in prose. At the age of fourteen he was appointed secretary to his relation, the then lately General of the Benedictines, D. Fr. Gonçalo de Moraes, Bishop of Porto, in whose service he remained for ten years. The residence of the Bishop was like a strict monastery, and Manoel scarcely ever left it, except on holidays to attend church, where it is supposed he met with, and engaged the affections of, D. Catharina Machado, who, being now twenty four years of age, he married. His refusal to enter into the Order, somewhat displeased his relation, who however continued to him his countenance and assistance. With this excellent Lady, who was of his own age, and who, in the various vicissitudes of his life, accommodated herself to his inclinations, and to that frugality, which it was often necessary to exercise, he lived for thirty-five years, having by her ten children.

The retired life he had led, was by no means repugnant to his feelings; it had afforded him leisure for study and composition, and he had written many works in the time, especially a Poetical History of Portugal, which he afterwards converted

into his prose Epitome. He had remained at Oporto for four years, occupying himself with his books and papers, and living apart from the world; when he removed with his family to Madrid, calling at Pombeiro in his way. He was induced to go thither, having been invited to do so by D. Pedro Alvarez Pereira, Secretary of the Council of State of the Kings Philip the Third and Fourth, and who was a relation of the Bishop. It was there that he published his moral and physical Essays, under the title of *Noches Claras;* four volumes of poems, which he called *Fuente de Aganippe;* and the Epitome of Portuguese History; but it was his fortune, like that of his favourite Poet, Camoens, to derive little but barren reputation from his labours. His patron dying, he came back to Lisbon; and failing in procuring any appointment at home, which he had every reason to expect, as well from the Archbishop of Lisbon, as other powerful noblemen, he accepted the situation of Secretary to the Embassy at Rome. On his arrival he was sought out by the Count de Castelvilani, the Chamberlain of the Pope; who knew him from his works, and asked him to write a poem on the elevation of Urban VIII. This he did, and at an audience he had on the 14th September, 1633, he was most courteously received by the Pope, who praised his poem and acknowledged his talents. He now commenced to arrange his great work, the Commentary on the Lusiad. Bashful and unpretending, he neglected to urge his claims for that preferment and reward, to which he was justly entitled; and, although his duties had been most efficiently and satisfactorily performed, as secretary to his employers, they did not interest themselves for his advancement. If not overtaken by poverty, the means were wanting to support his family, even with that frugality which he practised;

he therefore quitted Rome, and repaired to Madrid. On his arrival he was arrested and strictly guarded, some suspicions having arisen that, while at Rome, he had in some way betrayed his trust. At the end of fourteen weeks he was set at liberty, with an assurance from the Secretary of State, that the King, who ordered an allowance to be assigned to him, but with a condition that he was not to quit Madrid, considered him an innocent and honourable person, whom he wished to retain at Court. Sighing, however, for home, and still disappointed in his views of preferment, he, at the end of a year, attempted to quit Spain, but was discovered, detained, and his allowance stopped. He now applied himself wholly to literature, permitting himself little time for sleep and his meals; and in 1639 he published his Commentary on the Lusiad. The writer in the Review says that one of the principal merits of this great work is, that Camoens having loaded his narrative with the whole history of his country; no person could have been better qualified to explain and elucidate what the Poet could only hint at in brief allusions than Faria, who had already published an Epitome, and was now engaged in an elaborate and extensive History of the kingdom and of all its conquests.* The work fully answered

* These were afterwards all published with the exception of the America Portugueza, under the titles of Europa Portugueza, Asia Portugueza, and Africa Portugueza, in seven volumes, in folio. The manuscript of the America has never been discovered, but this loss has been amply made up by Mr. Southey, in his excellent and elaborate History of Brazil. Machado writes that it contained an account of the Transactions of the Portugueze from the discovery of Brazil, until the year 1640, with a description of that extensive Province. Faria had given the work in Madrid to Duarte Coelho de Albuquerque, Lord of Pernambuco, who having taken great part in the transactions was desirous of publishing it at his own expense, but on asking permission from the Royal Counsel to do so, the Secretary, Diego Soares, who was ill affected towards Coelho, hid the work, and it was never afterwards found, although Antonio de Leaõ has erroneously asserted that it was so.

the great expectations which had been formed of it, but the author was again doomed to suffer persecutions; it had scarcely issued from the press before it was denounced by the Inquisition, because in it "he had explained the Heathen machinery used by Camoens as allegorical of Catholic truths." Although the complaint, on being heard at Madrid, was dismissed, his enemy was not content, but prosecuted his views at Lisbon, and obtained an injunction. The Inquisitor-General, however, called upon Faria to produce a defence, and the vindication was deemed satisfactory. The fame of Camoens, which had already spread far and near, was much increased by this work and the subsequent publication of the Commentaries on the Rimas.

Faria was a most laborious and voluminous writer, and had, until he attained the age of fifty, been blessed with good health; but now his strength gave way to painful disease, induced and aggravated by his mode of life, and which at last put a period to his existence. The last two years were spent under grievous bodily affliction, yet his patience never gave way, and he applied himself to his studies, as long as his strength would permit. At last when it was evident his end was approaching, he prepared himself for the event. He died in his sixtieth year, and was buried in the Convent of the Premonstratenses of the Court of Madrid. His remains were afterwards removed to the Church of Santa Maria de Pombeiro, by his wife; and the following inscription put on his tomb:—" *Inclytus hic jacet uxore sua sepultus scriptor ille Lusus Emmanuel de Faria a Sousa die* 6 *Septembris*, 1660." A long account of his numerous works is given by Machado in the Bibliotheca Lusitana. They are nearly all written in Spanish. His character has been thus given by the writer

in the Quarterly Review, "Those who knew him little thought him morose and rude in manners. He was not so to his friends; on the contrary, his conversation, like his letters, was cheerful and even sportive; but he was never fond of talking and latterly became deaf. His face might well appear severe to those, who could not read in its pale and meagre lineaments, the effects of long care and continual toil of mind. Features naturally strongly marked, and what in youth and health had been handsome, were thus rendered ghastly; and the more so, because, when all other parts of the countenance were shrunk and faded, his large black eyes retained their size and lustre. His beard, which he wore broad and long, after the old fashion of his country, was greyer than his hair."

The Commentary on the Lusiad was published in Madrid, in folio, in 1639, with engravings at the commencement of each canto, and portraits of Camoens and the Author, copies of which are given in this work.

The Commentaries on the Rimas were also published, in folio, in Lisbon, the first and second volumes, in 1685, and volumes three, four, and five, in 1689, containing so far down as the first eight Eclogues. He left in manuscript volume six containing nine Eclogues, volume seven where are the lesser Poems, and another work wherein were given the Comedy and Prose Writings. These latter have never been published, and Machado does not inform us in whose possession they were when he wrote.

His Apology or Defence appears to have been written in 1640.

Passáram ja por mim loucos verdores
  Do fresco Abril da humana vaidade ;
  Primavera tam fora da verdade,
Que as flores sam engano, o fruto errores.
Passáram ja por mim inuteys flores,
  O Veraõ passou jà da ardente idade :
  Prazer acomodado à mocidade ;
Veneno da razam em bellas cores.
Bem creo que estou dellas retirado ;
  Mas naõ sey se de assaltos vãos, tiranos,
Que tem o entendimento ao jugo atado.
  Porque mal me asseguram meus enganos,
Que o fruto destas flores he passado,
  Se os costumes nam fogem como os annos.

Now past for me are April's mad'ning hours,
  Whose freshness feeds the vanity of youth ;
  A Spring so utterly devoid of truth,
Whose fruit is error, and deceit whose flowers.
Gone too for me is Summer's sultry time,
  When idly, reasonless, I sow'd those seeds
  Yielding to manhood charms, now proving weeds,
With gaudy colours, poisoning as they climb.
And well I fancy that they both are flown,
  And that beyond their tyrant reach I'm plac'd,—
  But yet I know not if I yet must taste
Their vain attacks—my thoughts still make me own,
  That fruits of weeds deceitful do not die,
  When feelings sober not as years pass by.

Antonio Barbosa Bacellar.

Bacellar was born at Lisbon, circa 1610; his parents being Francisco Barbosa Bacellar, and Gracia Gomes Pereira, both of illustrious descent. His early display of acquirements and genius are highly praised by Machado, and at the age of sixteen he is represented to have been a perfect master of the Latin language, Rhetoric, Poetry, Philosophy, Theology, and Mathematics. His memory was most retentive, and after reading several pages of a book, he could repeat them with the greatest accuracy. The facility also with which he composed verses either in Spanish or Portuguese was remarkable, and has been noticed by some of his contemporaries, who were poets.

In compliance with the wishes of his parents, he went to Coimbra; and, having applied himself to the study of Civil Law, soon became as celebrated in that branch of science as he was in the others, being one of the ablest disputants in the University. His time of probation being past, he became doctor, and aspired to a chair. This was, however, bestowed upon another person, much his inferior in ability; and to prevent a similar occurrence, he, much to the regret of the members, quitted Coimbra and went to Lisbon. His great talents were not allowed to remain there unexercised; John the Fourth, immediately on his arrival, appointed him Chief Magistrate or Corregedor of Castello Branco, and successively Provedor of Evora, and to the highest judicial situation at Oporto. Death, however, put an end to his career of honor.

He died at Lisbon in 1663, and was buried in the Church of San Francisco, in that city; the whole kingdom lamenting the loss occasioned by the event.

Bacellar was the author of several works, which remained in manuscript to which fate for a long period most of his poetical pieces were doomed, until they were afterwards collected and published in *A Fenis renasida, ou Obras poeticas dos melhores engenhos Portuguezes*, in 1716 and the following years. Bouterwek writes, that during the seventeenth century not any poet surpassed him in the composition of sonnets, particularly romantic love sonnets in the style of Camoens; of whom he was so ardent an admirer, as to write glosses to several of his sonnets, and other pieces. He is ranked amongst the most distinguished writers in that style, which had become much in fashion in Portugal, and may be said to have been almost the Inventor of those poems, which acquired the name of Saudades, for which we have no corresponding word; but which Bouterwek calls, the extended pictures of romantic aspirations. In these he greatly excelled, and spared no pains to render his compositions as perfect as possible. The Sonnet here given is a favourite subject with the Portuguese, being addressed to a caged Nightingale.

Ave gentil cativa, que os accentos
  Inda dobras com tanta suavidade,
  Como quando gozavas liberdade,
Sendo do campo Amfiaõ, Orfeo dos ventos :
Da vida livre os doces pensamentos
  Perdestes junto à clara suavidade
  De hum ribeirinho, que com falsidade
Grilhões guardava a teus contentamentos.
Eu tambem desse modo fuy cativo,
  Que amor me tinha os laços emboscados
  Na luz de huns claros olhos excellentes.
Mas tu vives alegre, eu triste vivo,
  Como que somos conformes nos estados,
  E somos na ventura differentes.

Gay, gentle bird, thou pour'st forth sweetest strains,
  Although a captive, yet as thou wert free ;
  Like Orpheus singing to the winds with glee,
And as of old Amphyon charm'd the plains.
Near where the brooklet's cooling waters lave
  The meads around, the trait'rous snare was laid,
  Which thee, unconscious of thy lot, betray'd,
And to thy free enjoyment fetters gave.
Just so with me—my liberty I lost—
  For love, in ambush of soft beaming eyes,
  Seiz'd on my heart, and I became his prize,—
Yet liv'st thou gladsome—whil'st with sorrow cross'd
  I linger sad—How diff'rent do we bear
  The chains, which Fate has fix'd that we alike must
    wear.

Violante do Ceo.

Manoel da Sylveira Montezino and Helena Franca were the parents of this extraordinary lady, who was born at Lisbon in 1601, and acquired afterwards the appellation of the tenth Muse. The qualities with which she was endowed by nature, for she was not only a poetess, but excelled in playing upon the harp and in singing, added to her station in life, made her to be sought in marriage by various persons, distinguished by their birth and their learning. She had, however, resolved to devote herself to religion, and became a Dominican Nun. In 1693, having "grown ripe in years and old in piety," she departed from this life at the advanced age of ninety-two.

From her youth she had cultivated serious poetry, and at the age of eighteen produced a Comedy, entitled "Santa Engracia." The expectations formed of her were not borne out; and, living at a period when the literature of Portugal was on the decline, she contributed, from the wrong bias which her mind had taken, to that decay, which required the efforts of subsequent poets under the Arcadian Society to cure. Her works were published in Lisbon, in two volumes, in 1733, under the title of "Parnaso Lusitano de Divinos e Humanos Versos;" they are divided into nine portions, each placed under the care of one of the muses.*

* The following sonnet is supposed to be addressed to a lady, whose sole reason for going to church was to make conq ests, command attention, &c., and who accidentally sat down on a tomb from whence a voice proceeded with the advice contained in it.

O Tu, que com enganos divertida
  Vives do q̃ has de ser taõ descuydada,
  Aprende aqui liçoens de escarmentada,
Ostentaras acçoens de prevenida :
Considera, que em terra convertida
  Jaz aqui a belleza mais louvada,
  E que tudo o da vida, he pó, he nada,
E que menos, que nada a tua vida.
Considera, que a morte rigorosa
  Naõ respeyta belleza, nem juizo,
E que sendo taõ certa he duvidosa ;
  Admitte deste tumulo o aviso
E vive do teu fim mais cuydadosa,
  Pois sabes, que o teu fim he taõ preciso,

Thou, who amidst the world's alluring toil
  Liv'st joyous, and neglectful of thy state ;
  Take here a warning, e'er it be too late,
Which thy expected conquests all should foil.
Ponder ; again to earth resign'd the trust,
  Lies one whose beauty bore the praise of all—
Think, that whate'er has life is nought but dust,
  That thy existence too is less than small.
Let this my tomb instruct—death comes, and then
  E'en beauty bows before his rigorous power ;
  And skill avails not to avert the hour,
To all appointed, but uncertain when.
Live as thou ought'st, be mindful that thy fate
Is fix'd—although unknown if soon or late.

Francisco de Vasconcellos Coutino.

We know little of this author, who was a native of Funchal, in Madeira. He studied at the University of Coimbra, and took his degree of Bachelor of Canon Law. Machado speaks too highly of his abilities as a poet, and Bouterwek allows that he was one of the few who at the period when he lived "still evinced sound judgment and some portion of the old and nobler style of art." He published, amongst other things, a poem in ottava rima on the story of Polyphemus and Galatea, and seven of his Sonnets appeared in the first volume of *A Feniz renascida*, published at Lisbon in 1717. Thirty-two are also given in the second volume, which came out in the following year.

In the Sonnet, selected for this work, the poet dwells upon the idea, that concealment of grief renders it less painful; which is at variance with the opinion generally entertained, and for which we have the authority of our great bard.* Allowing, however, that he is incorrect, (as we are bound to confess he is, after such an authority,) it must be admitted that he has treated the subject with considerable skill.

* Shakspeare, in Macbeth, makes Malcolm address Macduff in the following words:—

"Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."

And in his Venus and Adonis we find:

"——— The heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue."

Na queixa o sentimento se engrandece,
  No silencio se afrouxa o sentimento,
  Que se o lembrar da dor dobra o tormento,
Quem suffoca o pezar, menos padece.
No silencio talvez a dor se esquece ;
  No voz naõ póde ter esquecimento,
  Com que a dor no silencio perde o alento,
Quando a magoa na queixa reverdece.
Se a memoria do mal dobra o penoso,
  A quem o diz desperta essa memoria,
    Mais sente, que quem dentro a pena feixa ;
Porque este no silencio tem repouso,
  E aquelle augmenta a dor, se a faz notoria,
    Pois renova o pezar, quando se queixa.

To tell of sorrows doth the pangs increase,
  While silence dulls such feelings as oppress ;
So if remembrance doubles loss of peace,
  The man who stifles thought will suffer less.
Silence may still the memory of pain,
  Thus grief may be divested of its sting ;
  But if of woe the image back we bring,
The wounds of sorrow become green again.
If memory thus augments the force of woes,
  He who that memory wakes, the more will feel
  Than he who puts upon his tongue the seal.
In silence sorrows oft times find repose,
  While he, whose feelings will not brook restraint,
  Renews his sorrows when he makes complaint.

Que alegre pendurado de hum raminho
  Cantando em alta voz estás contente,
  Sem temeras o mal estando ausente,
  Que te espera, ó incauto passarinho!
Acorda pois depressa, que adivinho,
  Se tardares hum pouco, descontente
  Inda mal chorarás eternamente
  O roubo de teus filhos, e o teu ninho.
Faze já de meus males claro espelho,
  Pois por viver ausente, e confiado
  Perdi tudo o que tinha merecido:
Mas ah, que tarde tomas meu conselho!
  Na perda ficarás desenganado,
  Já que cantas ausente, e divertido.

O thoughtless bird! that thus, with carol sweet,
  From airy bough pour'st forth thy joyous tale,
  Regardless of the ills which may assail,
When thou art absent from thy lone retreat.
Fly, quickly haste—give heed while I protest
  If still thou tarriest here, that sunk in woe
  Thy tears eternally are doom'd to flow,
And wail thy young ones stol'n, and spoil'd thy nest.
Ah, let my griefs thy slumbering feelings wake—
  For I, while absent, trusting all to fate,
  Lost the reward which I had sought to gain.
Why dost thou yet delay, nor counsel take?
Soon by thy loss convinc'd, thou'lt mourn too late,
  Though happy now thou pour'st thy lively strain.

Ramalhete animado, flor do vento,
Que alegremente teus ciumes choras,
Tu cantando teu mal, teu mal melhoras,
Eu chorando meu mal, meu mal augmento.
Eu digo minha dor ao sofrimento,
Tu cantas teu pezar a quem namoras,
Tu esperas o bem todas horas,
Eu temo qualquer mal todo o momento.
Ambos agora estamos padecendo
Por decreto cruel de deos minino ;
Mas eu padeço mais, só porque entendo :
Que he taõ duro, e cruel o meu destino,
Que tu choras o mal, que estas sofrendo,
Eu choro o mal, que sofro, e que imagino.

Oh nature's sweet enchanter—Flower of Song !*
E'en joyous seem the notes you sing of grief,
Those plaintive strains afford to you relief ;
Whilst weepings still my hapless loves prolong.
For mine's the grief that must in patience wait,
While you your sorrows tell to whom you love—
You hope each hour some happy bliss to prove,
While I each moment dread disastrous fate.
We both now suffer from Love's tyrant sway,
But cruel, ah, my lot compar'd with thine ;
'Tis me that reason teaches to repine,
But thou unconscious pourest forth thy lay ;
Thou sing'st of sorrows which do now assail,
I present ills, and those I fear, bewail.

* This Sonnet is addressed to a Nightingale.

Pedro Antonio Correa Garçaõ.

We have now arrived at the period, when the Arcadian Society was established. The Literature of Portugal, and particularly her Poetry, had seriously degenerated since the appearance of her best Poets, and required renovation; and to effect this Garçaõ chiefly contributed. If not actually the founder, he was chiefly instrumental in the formation of the Society in 1758, and Portugal was deeply indebted to his example, genius, and exertions, for the results. As Ferreira had done before, he took Horace for his model, and the perseverance which he shewed, and the success which crowned his efforts, secured him the appellation of the second Portuguese Horace, and the acknowledgment that no poet had ever approached nearer to that great writer. His Odes to Virtue, and on Suicide, are highly and deservedly prized by the Portuguese; and his Address to Dido is accounted one of the sublimest conceptions of human genius. By a competent authority in our country he is represented to be the first modern (Portuguese) Poet, who distinguished himself by the purity of his language. He perished miserably in a dungeon, having incurred the displeasure of the government.

His works appeared at Lisbon in 1778, with the Royal Licence from the Queen Maria for the widow of the Poet to publish them. The metaphor in the first Sonnet is in the empassioned style of Portugal, and the scaffold has been chosen as an image to enforce an exaggerated description of the miseries which love can inflict.

Quem de meus versos a liçaõ procura,
  Os farpões nunca vio de Amor insano,
  Nem sabe quanto custa hum vil engano
Traçado pela maõ da Formosura.
Se o peito náo tiver de rocha dura,
  Fuja de ouvir contar tamanho dáno,
  Que a desabrida voz do Desengano
O mais firme semblante desfigura.
Olhe, que ha-de chorar, vendo patente
  Em taõ funesta, e lagrimosa scena
    O cadafalso infame, e sanguinoso.
Verá levado á morte hum innocente :
  E condemnado a vergonhosa pena
    O mais fiel amor, mais generoso.

The gentle youth, who reads my hapless strain,
  And ne'er hath felt the shafts of frenzied love ;
  Nor knows the anguish he is doom'd to prove,
Whom vile deceit, when kept in beauty's chain
Torments—if than a stone less hard his heart,
  Would fly the sad recital of my woes ;
  For faces firm the tale would discompose
Of Love's deceptions causing so much smart.
Oh list ye doomed to weep ! while I display
  The drear and mournful scene in saddest plaint,
The scaffold base and platform's bloody way—
  Where dragged to death behold a martyr'd saint ;—
And where to shameful pain unto your view
Love faithful and sincere condemned I shew.

N'uma Galé Mourisca afferrolhado
  Ao som do rouco vento, que zunia,
  Sobre o remo cruzando as maõs dormia
O lasso Corydon pobre forçado.
Em agradaveis sonhos engolfado,
  Cuidava o triste, que o grilhaõ rompia,
  E que entre as ondas Lilia branda via
Talhar c'o branco peito o mar salgado :
De vella, e de abraçalla cobiçoso
  Estremeceo, tentando levantar-se
    E os fuzis da cadèa retiniraõ :
Accordou ao motim ; e pezaroso,
  Querendo á rude chusma lamentar-se,
    Só mil sospiros, só mil ais lhe ouviraõ.

In Moorish galley chain'd, unhappy slave,
  Poor weary Corydon, with grief oppress'd,
  Upon his oar had cross'd his hands in rest,
Tir'd by the breeze, which roughly kiss'd the wave.
What time he slept and fondly thought him free—
  Folded in sweet oblivion all his woes—
  The beauteous Lilia on his view arose,
Cleaving with snowy breast the rippled sea.
The wishing Lover trembled as he strove
To rise, and meet the object of his love ;
To greet the maid and catch the fond embrace—
His cruel chains still fix'd him to the place.
  In vain amidst the crew he sought relief,
  Each had to wail his own peculiar grief.

Antonio Diniz da Cruz.

This poet was another distinguished member of the Arcadian Society, and was known by the name of Elpino Nonacriense. He was a magistrate and relieved the duties attendant upon his office by the cultivation of poetry. He is celebrated for his successful imitations of the lyric style of Pindar, and, in his anacreontic pieces, stands at the head of the Portuguese writers. He composed also a Century of Sonnets, which were published in Lisbon in 1809, as a first volume of his works.* Diniz is, however, destined to be best known beyond the limits of his own country by his satirical work, a heroic-comic poem, in eight cantos, called "O Hyssope," in which he vies for distinction with Boileau, Pope, and Tassoni. Mr. Southey has given the following account of the story :—"Joze Carlos de Lara, Dean of Elvas used, for the sake of ingratiating himself with his Bishop, to attend him in person with the hyssop, at the door of the chapter-house whenever he officiated; after a while some quarrel arose between them, and he then discontinued this act of supererogatory respect; but he had practised it so long that the Bishop and his party in the chapter insisted upon it as a right, and commanded him to continue it as a service which he was bound to perform. He appealed to the metropolitan and sentence was given against him. After his death the Dean's successor, who happened to be his nephew, tried the cause again, and obtained a reversal of the decree."

* This poem after being long handed about in manuscript was printed with the false date of London in 1802, permission for its publication in Portugal having been refused.

Da bella Mái perdido amor errava
Pelos campos, que corta o Tejo brando,
E a todos quantos via suspirando
Sem descanço por ella procurava.
Os farpões lhe cahiaõ da aurea aljava ;
Mas elle de arco, e setas naõ curando,
Mil glorias promettia soluçando,
A quem á Deosa o leve que buscava :
Quando Jonia, que alli seu gado pasce
Enxugando-lhe as lagrimas, que chora,
A Venus lhe mostrar leda se offerece ;
Mas Amor dando hum vôo á linda face,
Beijando-a lhe tornou : " Gentil Pastora,
" Quem os teus olhos vê, Venus esquece."

One time, when Love, his beauteous mother lost,
Wander'd through fields where Tejo's soft streams wind,
Sighing to each fair Nymph, whose path he cross'd,—
Inquiring still where he might Venus find,—
Undone the brace, his golden quiver fell ;
He, who not now for bow or arrow cares,
Sobs out what thousand pleasures shall be theirs,
Who may some tidings of the Goddess tell.
It chanc'd her flock that Jonia tended there,
His tears she dried, and with a cheerful air
Proffer'd to lead him to the wish'd for sight.
When, rising on his wings, the urchin said,
While her sweet face he kiss'd—" Ah, gentle maid !
Who sees those eyes, forgetteth Venus quite."

Aqui sentado neste molle assento,
Que formaõ as hervinhas deste prado,
Em quanto a verde relva pasce o gado,
Quero ver se divirto o meu tormento.
Que fresca a tarde está ! que brando o vento
Move as agoas do rio socegado !
E como neste choupo levantado
Se queixa a triste rôla em doce accento !
As flores com suavissima fragancia
As aves com docissima armonia
Fazem mais alegre esta fresca estancia :
Mas nada os meus pesares alivia ;
Que da minha saudade a cruel ancia
Me naõ deixa hum instante de alegria.

Here lonely in this cool and verdant seat,
Gemm'd with bright flowers the smiling meadow yields;
While herds depasture in the neighb'ring fields,—
I long to see my torments all retreat.
How pure and fresh this Eve—How soft the wind
Now moving o'er the river's surface clear,
As in yon poplar high the turtle near
In soothing murmurs mourneth forth her mind.
Joyous meanwhile, as if to banish grief,
The tuneful birds their sweetest carols sing,
And lovely flowers their choicest fragrance fling ;
But to my sorrows they give no relief—
For cruel tortures all my thoughts employ,
Nor grant to hapless me but one short hour of joy.

Domingos dos Reis Quita.

A Life of this Poet is prefixed to the enlarged edition of his works, published in Lisbon in 1781. He was born in that city, his father, José Fernandez Quita, being a tradesman, who, having been unfortunate in business, quitted his country, leaving Domingos, then seven years of age, with six other children, to the care of an affectionate mother, but with scarcely any means to support them. Whilst remittances arrived from America, where her husband had gone, Maria Rosaria, in an economical way, brought up and educated her young charges, but when these ceased to be received, in such circumstances did this poor woman find herself, as to be obliged to apprentice Domingos to a hairdresser. He was now thirteen years old, but, as in numerous other instances, his genius rose above his misfortunes. When a boy he had been studious, and, having access to the works of Camoens and Lobo, had made the best use of his leisure hours in cultivating that talent, which at length becoming known to the Conde de San Lourenço, secured him the countenance and friendship of that nobleman, then a patron to persons of genius. So bashful was he, and mistrustful of his abilities, that his earliest works were given to his friends as the productions of a monk of the Azores. The first of the following Sonnets, however, betrayed him. His reputation became established, and, under the patronage he had acquired, he studied the Spanish, Italian, and French languages, the

best authors in which he read, and by perusing the translations, made up for his want of knowledge of Greek and Latin. He pursued this course, also, as to the English and German Poets. Much to the honour of the Arcadian Society, he was unanimously elected one of their members, under the name of Alcino Micenio. He was on the point of being located in the household of the Archbishop of Braga, which would have been most congenial to his serious mind, but he was disappointed through the malevolence of a party, who represented that it would be unfitting his Grace's character to have about him a man of his pursuits; and against this shaft the well-known excellent character of Domingos did not avail him. The same case also occurred when, through the Marquis of Pombal he expected an appointment suited to his abilities. Fortune seemed now to have forsaken him; he suffered severely by the earthquake, which laid desolate his native city, and he found himself nearly, if not quite destitute. In this sad emergency, however, an excellent friend appeared in D. Theresa Theodora de Aloim, the wife of a physician, Balthezar Tara. He was received into their house, and treated, not as a dependent for support, but with the most affectionate attention. In 1761, he was nearly dying from a consumptive attack which recurred six years afterwards, and on both occasions these excellent persons administered to his comfort and wants, watching him by day and night, and relieving his malady by every means in their power, and which gave way to the skill of the husband, and the care of D. Theresa. His mother was now full of years and infirmities, and had become a burthen to her son-in-law, Antonio José Cota, who had himself a numerous family, and had not prospered

in the world, but who had, so long as he was able, supported her. To relieve him Domingos determined to leave his attached friends and take a house for himself, where his mother might reside with him; and, when remonstrated with, he replied that that Providence which ministered to the whole creation would enable him to carry his intention into execution. He removed to his residence on the 13th July of 1770, but on the 22nd of the August following was seized with an illness which he was persuaded would prove mortal; and although taken again to the house of his kind friend, the disease baffled every effort. After suffering severely, he expired (having had the sacred sacraments administered), in the fifty-third year of his age.

Besides being the author of Eclogues, Idyls, Odes and Sonnets, he wrote several Tragedies, one of which, founded on the story of Dona Ignez de Castro, was translated into English, and appeared in the publication called the German Theatre.

His biographer writes that he never contaminated his compositions with any licentious passage, or permitted to appear in them the least satirical expression.

Benigno amor, os Impios, que te offendem,
E contra teus decretos se conspiraõ,
He porque os laços ainda naõ sentiraõ
Destes doces cadeiras, que me prendem.
Os peitos, que a teu jugo se naõ rendem
E cheios de ternura naõ suspiraõ,
He porque os resplandores nunca viraõ,
Que em viva chamma o coraçaõ me accendem.
Vinde vir, desgraçados, e queixosos,
O bem, por que suspiro de contino,
E sereis hum instante venturosos.
Mas nunca mudareis vosso destino,
Nunca, que aquelles olhos taõ formosos
Outra luz naõ vem mais que o seu Alcino.

The wretches, Love! who of thy laws complain,
And, bold, conspire against thy fix'd decree,
Have never felt the pleasure of that chain,
Whose sweet endearment binds my soul to thee.
Those callous breasts, unbending to thy sway,
Which ne'er have heav'd with throbs of soft desire,
Have never seen those fond allurements play,
Which fill my heart with flames of living fire.
O come ye hapless railers! come and see
The bliss, for which are rais'd my constant sighs;
And ye shall taste of Love the golden prize—
But hold ye railers! hold, there must not be
A change in your hard fate, until those eyes
On their Alcino only shine with glee.

Ao longo de huma praia hum triste dia,
  Já quando a luz do sol se desmaiava,
  O saudoso Alcino caminhava
Com seus cuidados só por companhia,
Os olhos pelas aguas estendia,
  Porque allivio a seu mal nellas buscava,
  E entre os tristes suspiros, que exhalava,
Em lagrimas banhado assim dizia :
Os suspiros, as lagrimas, que choro,
  Levai, ondas, levai, ligeiro vento,
Para onde me levastes quem adoro.
  Oh se podem ter dó do meu tormento,
Que me torneis o bem, só vos imploro,
  Que puzestes em longo apartamento.

'Twas on a time, the sun's last glimm'ring ray
  In ocean sunk—that, sore by fate dismay'd,
  Along the shore Alcino, love-lorn stray'd ;
His woes the lone companions of his way ;
And o'er the vast expanse of waters drear
  His eyes he cast for there he found relief ;
Whilst heav'd his sighs, and fast the trickling tear
  Pac'd his sad cheek, the youth thus told his grief :
Ye waves, transport the tears which now I weep,
  Ye winds, upon your breezes waft my sighs
To where my fondest hopes of comfort sleep,
  Where ye have borne the form of her I prize.
Oh, if ye can, have pity on my care ;
Restore the bliss, which ye remov'd so far.

Tudo cheio de horror, e sentimento
  Mostra o rigor do Inverno congelado
  O ar de densas nuvens carregado,
  Furiosas desatando chuva, e vento.
Despojada do verde luzimento
  Se vé toda a campina deste prado,
  O rio corre turvo, e despenhado,
Tudo parece igual a meu tormento :
Mas passado o rigor do Inverno frio,
  O nublado ar se vé resplandecente,
Florece o campo, e claro corre o rio.
  Tudo de triste passa a ser contente,
Só nos meus olhos nunca tem desvio
  As lagrimas, que choro tristemente.

Amidst the storms, which chilling winter brings,
  All horror seems—the gladsome hours are past ;
  The lab'ring sky, with dark'ning clouds o'ercast,
In mingling wind and rain its fury flings.
Spoil'd of their mantles green the meadows mourn,
  And headlong rushing o'er its bed, the stream
  Its turbid course pursues—I equal deem
The gloom of nature and my state forlorn.
But winter's reign is o'er, again the sky
  Beams forth its lustre, and its crystal range
The river takes ;—no more the meadows sigh,
  But smiling nature greets the lovely change.
Not thus with me, no rest these eyes may know
From tears of sadness, caus'd by ceaseless woe.

Claudio Manoel da Costa.

Mr. Bouterwek has entered somewhat into detail respecting the works of this author, dating from their composition, the resumption of an improved style in the Poetry of Portugal; and The Chevalier de Almeida Garrett, in noticing him in the Bosquejo da Historia da Poesia e Lingua Portugueza prefixed to the Parnaso Lusitano, published in Paris in 1826, allows that he held a distinguished place amongst the Portuguese poets. Da Costa was a native of Brazil, his father residing in the province of Minas Geraes. He was sent to Europe and placed at the University of Coimbra, where he studied for five years, after which he returned to his native country, and, amidst its scenery, pursued his poetical career. Many of his Sonnets approach the style of Petrarch, whom he appears to have selected as his model in that species of Poetry. They cannot boast of that softness and beauty found in his master; but although, not entirely free from the vitiated style which characterises several of his predecessors, they possess so many good qualities, as to rank them amongst the most successful in the Language. Having chosen Petrarch as his model for the Sonnet, he followed Metastasio in the Canzonet; still striving to do away with the corrupt taste which at that time universally prevailed at the University.

Brazil has reason to be proud of this, her first poet in point of time. His works were published at Coimbra, in 8vo., in 1768, with a modest preface, wherein he gives some account of his life.

Breves horas, Amor, ha que eu gozava
A gloria que minh 'alma appetecia ;
E sem desconfiar da aleivosia,
Teu lisongeiro obséquio acreditava.
Eu so á minha dita me igualava,
Pois assim avultava, assim crecia ;
Que nas scenas, que entaõ me offerecia,
O maior gósto, o maior bem lograva.
Fugiu, faltou-me o bem : ja descomposta
Da vaidada a brilhante achitectura,
Ve-se a ruina ao desengano exposta :
Que ligeira acabou, que mal segura !
Mas que venho a estranhar, se estava posta
Minha esperança em maõs da formosura !

Short were the hours which were so gaily past,
When, Love, in thee my trust I fondly plac'd ;
Possest of all my soul desired to taste
I careless deem'd they would for ever last.
Quite unsuspecting any fraud of thine,
In that bless'd state my time was thus employ'd ;
Each passing scene I proudly thus enjoy'd,
Thinking what truly happy lot was mine.—
The glitt'ring veil remov'd—no joys remain—
The brilliant structure, which thou bad'st arise—
Which fed my vanity, in ruin lies—
What hapless end ! in Love to trust how vain !
But why surpris'd—the fate may soon be guess'd
Of Hopes, which in the hands of fickle Beauty rest.

Joaquim Fortunato de Valadares Gamboa.

I Have not been able to meet with any account of this author, whose poems were first published in Lisbon in 1779.—An improved and corrected edition appeared in the same City in 1791, and a second volume issued from the press in 1804. There is a short preface in the first volume, wherein the author modestly remarks, that although his verses might not be deserving of being placed amongst those which were remarkable for sublimity, yet he considered them as not unworthy of public inspection.

In the address to the reader, which accompanies the second volume, he tells us that although he had not intended to compose any new verses, when his first selection was finished, because he was commencing that life of weary anxiety and care, which he was then leading, and which was inconsistent with writing verses; yet led on by destiny, and willing to please those persons, who had proposed subjects to him, he had done so, and sent them into the world, in the words of Camoens in his seventh Elegy.

Saiaõ desta alma triste e magoada
Palavras magoadas de tristeza,
E seja no mundo a causa declarada.

The Sonnets in his first volume conclude with the third here given, and which is his farewell to the Muses.

Minha Amada gentil, fazer ditosa
  Podes vir esta Aldêa descontente ;
  Pois no tempo, que estás daqui ausente
  Nesta terra naõ ha cousa gostosa :
A fonte, que manava caudalosa,
  Já sem ti lacrimando está sómente ;
  A verdura, que estava florecente,
  Se vai toda murchando de saudosa :
Ate quando amanhece, os resplendores
  Naõ menos a roxa Aurora taõ flamante ;
  Tudo saõ nesta ausencia dissabora :
Hora vê que fará hum peito amante,
  Que, abrazado por ti, morre de amores,
  Suspirando sem ti a cada instante.

My gentle love—to bid this valley smile
  Which now in sadness droops, thy steps retrace ;
  Denied the gladd'ning influence of thy face,
Unjoyous hours and sadness reign the while.
Now slowly falling drops alone employ
  The fountain pure, which flow'd with copious stream ;
  And parch'd and languishing the meadows seem,
That shew'd before the laughing garb of joy.
E'en at the dawning hour, in gleams less bright,
  The purple east emits its cheering rays ;
  All nature, mourning, signs of grief displays,
And weeps the mem'ry of her past delight.
Judge then what pangs my stricken heart must prove,
Which ceaseless pours for thee the sighs of faithful love.

Como corre sereno este ribeiro !
E que alegre que vejo todo o prado !
De boninas està tudo coalhado,
Florido o valle está, florido o outeiro.
Na pontinha acolà daquelle ulmeiro
Hum passarinho canta descuidado ;
Depenicando as pennas repousado,
Além outro deviso em hum salgueiro.
Tudo repouso tem, tudo alegrias !
Mas que muito se alegre quem naõ sente
Do feminino genio as tyrannias !
Mas ai ! triste de quem descontente
Os enganos conhece, e aleivosias,
Crueldade, e vigores desta gente.

How calm, and how serene yon river glides
Through verdant meads, that smiling meet my view !
And upland slopes, which glow with sunny hue,
And vales, with flow'rets gemm'd, adorn its sides.
Now basking in yon elm, from loftiest spray
A little songster, careless, pours his strain
And decks his plumes—while to his woodland lay,
From willow bough, a chorister again
Returns the lively song—all bears around
Accordant joy and signs of sweet repose ;
And he may well rejoice and glad appear,
Who ne'er of female tyranny hath found
The smart—but woe to him, who hapless knows
Its cruel wrongs, and base deceit, and care.

Adéos, Musas, adéos, oh ! quanto, quanto
  Me affiige deixar vosso tratamento !
  Que he hum golpe cruel o apartamento
  Entre aquelles, que se amaõ tanto, tanto ;
Inspirado por vós, com doce canto
  Eu de Amor já fiz grato o sentimento ;
  Porém outros enleios de tormento
  Já sem vós só me inspiraõ triste pranto :
Quem comvosco tratar ha de contente,
  Sócegado viver, sem os diversos
  Trabalhos, que me cercaõ rijamente :
Eu labóro com males taõ perversos,
  Que deixando-vos, Musas, descontente,
  Nunca mais tornarei a cómpor versos.

Adieu, ye Nine ! oh how much woe I prove,
  To quit your service and your charms forsake !
  How deep the wound, which distance far can make
In those together join'd by so much love !
Inspir'd by you, in gay and joyous strain,
  Of Love's delights I sang the pleasing lay ;
  But griefs, to which my soul is now a prey,
Usurp their place and fill my breast with pain :
Thrice envied he whom your endearments bless,
  Happy to live, nor feel the torments dire,
  Which now so close and cruel round me press :
    With such a host of ills have I to strive,
    That, quitting you, I discontented live,
  And give to sad repose my silent Lyre.

João Xavier de Matos.

This author was known by the name of Albano Erithreo amongst the members of the Society of Oporto. His works printed, in three volumes, at the royal printing office at Lisbon, are dedicated to the memory of Luis de Camoens.

He was well known and esteemed in Lisbon. He is, however, not mentioned by the Chevalier de Almeida Garrett, and only noticed by Bouterwek as being amongst the later poets of eminence in Portugal. His works were first published in 1783, and a fourth edition appeared in 1800 and 1801. The Editor remarks, in his short preface to the first volume, that a greater number of poems should have been given, if he could have overcome the scruples of the author, who considered them of so little value; whereas they are sure to afford delight to those who prize Nature more in her own dress, than when decked out by art. He writes further, in the preface to the second volume, that, justly persuaded his former gift had been agreeable, he now presented a second, and apologises that the illness under which the author had suffered, and was still suffering, had prevented him giving the works contained in it that calm revision, particularly the Tragedies, which might have been desirable, but which also the impatience of the public for their appearance prevented.

The works consist of Sonnets, Odes, &c., Penelope, a free translation of the Tragedy of M. L'Abbe Genest, in blank verse; and Viriacia, an original Tragedy, founded on part of the early History of Portugal.

Poz-se o Sol ; como já na sombra fea
  Do dia pouco a pouco a luz desmaia,
  E a parda maõ da noite, antes que caia,
  De grossas nuvens todo o ar semea.
Apenas ja diviso a minha aldeia ;
  Ja do cypreste naõ distingo a faia :
  Tudo em silencio está : so la na praia
  Se ouvem quebrar as ondas pela areia.
Co' a maõ na face a vista ao ceo levanto,
  E cheio de mortal melancholia,
  Nos tristes olhos mal sustenho o pranto :
E se inda algum allivio ter podia,
  Era ver ésta noite durar tanto,
  Que nunca mais amanhecesse o dia.

The sun now sets ; whilst twilight's misty hue
  Closes with slow approach the light of day ;
  And sober night, with hand of mantling grey,
In gathering clouds obscures the fading view.
Scarce do I see my villa through the gloom,
  Or from the beech discern the cypress grave !
All wears the stilly silence of the tomb,
  Save that the sound is heard of measur'd wave
Upon the neighb'ring sand,—with face erect—
  Looks rais'd to Heaven in anguish of my soul—
  From my sad eyes the frequent tear-drops roll ;
And if a comfort I might now select,
  'Twould be that night usurp so long a reign,
  That never more should day appear again.

Paulino Cabral de Vasconcellos.

The Abbot of Jacente, who is usually known by the mere appellation of the Abbot Paulino, is thus noticed by Bouterwek. He says that he "deserves to be honourably distinguished amongst the Portuguese Poets, who at the latter end of the eighteenth century reclaimed the national taste, and brought it under the rules of classic cultivation." His works were collected by Bernardo Antonio Farropa and published in two volumes. The first consists entirely of Sonnets, and was published in 1786 at Oporto, of which place he was a native; and the second in the following year, containing also Sonnets and other Poems. The same author also writes, that of the large number of his Sonnets "there is scarcely one which can be pronounced dull or heavy: most of them display a peculiar union of clearness, lightness, and elegance, with a tone of Horatian philosophy and irony. In one poetic glance he comprehended the various situations of real life, viewing them sometimes on the romantic, sometimes on the rural, and sometimes on the comic side: and the pictures of sentiment and reflection which he thus calls up, are compressed into the Sonnet form in the most pleasing and natural manner. The best of Paulino's Sonnets are those which are conceived in a tone of elegant satire; and some which, though apparently frivolous, occasionally remind the reader of Propertius. The satire of this Portuguese Poet, however, very seldom degenerates into grossness."

Fere igualmente Amor o rico, o póbre,
O môço, o velho, em fim tudo sujeita ;
E ás vezes onde menos se suspeita,
Arde mais vivo, quanto mais se encóbre.
Faz q̃ hum heroé o seu podêr se dóbre
Que desvarie hum sábio ; e naõ respeita,
Nem da cabana a esphera mais estreita,
Nem do palacio o resplendôr mais nóbre.
Nem dentro dos grilhoẽns de huma clausura,
Contra os tiros crueis do aventureiro,
Encontra sácro abrigo a formosura.
Rompe pelo impossivel derradeiro ;
Combate as honras, a virtude apûra ;
E alista por vassallo o mundo inteiro.

Love is a power which all controling spurns,
Nor youth, nor age escape—nor high nor low—
When most conceal'd more lively still it burns,
And least expected strikes the fatal blow.
E'en conquering heroes to its sway must yield—
Disdains not it the humble cottage roof,
Nor will it from the palace keep aloof,
Nor offers wisdom's mantle any shield.—
Against its shafts the convent's awful fane
No sacred shelter can to beauty give,
Nought is so strong against its force to live—
It combats honor and would virtue gain.
Where'er its cruel banner is unfurl'd
It as its vassal binds the universal world.

Antonio Ribeiro dos Santos.

This Author was a Magistrate and a follower of the style of Ferreira. Some of his writings, and particularly his Ode on the Infante D. Henrique, are esteemed for their elegance and purity as amongst the best of later days in the language. As his predecessor had written his well known Tragedy, founded on the untimely fate of Dona Ignez de Castro, so our author has also celebrated that event by a Sonnet, which may be considered an Inscription for the Fountain of Tears, in the Garden of the Quinta das Lagrimas at Coimbra. The melancholy History of Dom Pedro and Dona Ignez is beautifully told by Camoens in the Lusiad, and has afforded a theme for the Drama in most of the languages of Europe. The following lines were written by the translator of these Sonnets, as a Prologue to an intended Tragedy on the same sad story :—

If England's Tragic Dames e'er taught to flow
The tears of sorrow at their tales of woe;
If luckless Lovers, by affliction torn,
E'er mov'd your pity for their fate forlorn;
Then let a stranger claim a tear from you,
Who died for crimes her bosom never knew.
Her virgin heart won by a prince's smile,
What heart so cold which that would not beguile—
To him in ties most sacred was allied—
She Pedro lov'd—and loving Pedro died.
Yet why should Ignez urge a stranger's claim
To sympathy from you, who bear the name

Of Britons, prompt to succour—most of all
A princess of the House of Portugal.—
Oft in defence of that heroic land
Have British Soldier s sought the golden strand ;
Oft in the noble stream, which Lisboa laves,
Have British Pendants floated o'er the waves ;
And when invasion lately touch'd her soil,*
'Twas yours the tyrant's foul intent to foil :
Nor now will England see a Princess weep,
And let her vengeful arms in quiet sleep†—
Our ancient records, true to history, shew
The foe of Lisbon must be England's foe.
Then rather as a friend shall Ignez try
To gain the favour of your sympathy.
How shall the Muse, in strains of anguish tell,
That by Alfonso's stern decree, she fell !
How say that her sweet babes in tender strain
Their wretched mother's life implor'd in vain !
If he, so callous to their tears, could see
Her frame convuls'd with pangs of agony ;
Could stand and view that gentle bosom bleed,
Whilst did its flight her perfect spirit speed—
Oh, unlike him—some tears of pity strew,
And let her love be uncondemn'd by you.

This Poet was also a member of the Arcadian Society under the name of Elpino Duriense, and, like the other members, was earnest in his endeavours to reform the language. His style is remarkable for its purity. Besides his Works, which were published in three volumes, he has left a translation of Horace, which is much esteemed.

* The invasion by the French.
† Alluding to the intrusion of Dom Miguel.

Aqui da linda Ignez a fermosura
Acabou : crueis mãos morte lhe deram.
Inda signaes de sangue, que verteram
Estão gravados n'essa penha dura :
Vendo as nymphas tamanha desventura,
Sóbre o pallido corpo aqui gemeram,
De cujas tristes lagrimas nasceram
As surdas agoas d'essa fonte pura.
Pastores do Mondego, que a corrente
Inda agora bebeis d'esta saudosa
Fonte, que está correndo mansamente ;
Fugi, fugi de amor, que a rigorosa
Morte lhe trouxe aqui ! era innocente ;
Se teve culpa, foi em ser fermosa.

Here cruel hands struck deep the deadly blow,
Nor aught fair Ignez' beauty might avail—
The spot, lest memory of the deed should fail,
Grav'd on this rock the marks of blood still show.
The mourning nymphs, who view'd such hapless woe,
Did o'er her pallid corpse in sadness wail ;
And fell those tears, which, telling aye the tale,
Caus'd the pure waters of this fount to flow.
Ye dwellers to this languid fountain near,
Ye shepherds of Mondego, ah ! beware
As of the stream ye taste—reflect in time—
Fly, fly from Love, whose rig'rous fate decreed,
That innocence should here in Ignez bleed,
Whose peerless beauty was her only crime.

Manoel Maria de Barbosa du Bocage.

José Maria da Costa e Silva, who collected and published his works at Lisbon in 1812, has prefixed to the fourth volume an account of the life and writings of this author. His Poems had been scattered about, and a fifth volume was afterwards added by the same Editor.

The town of Setubal had the honour to produce this celebrated Poet and extraordinary Improvisatore, who was born on the 17th September, 1766. His Father, the Doctor José Luis Soares Barbosa, a native of the same place, a learned man, and himself a poet; and who was known as having with credit and honour filled various situations in the magistracy, had married D. Marianna Joaquina Xavier du Bocage, born in Lisbon, but of French extraction, and related to the Poetess Madame du Bocage. These worthy people spared no pains to forward the education of their son, in whom in his earliest years were discernable a vivacity and penetration seldom shewn. He was first placed under the care of the Professor Royal, D. Joaõ de Medina, with whom he studied the Latin language, and his progress between his tenth and fifteenth years is evinced in the beautiful translations he made. Contrary to his parents' expectations he quitted the schools, and received a commis-

sion in the Infantry of Setubal. It was now that his poetical genius displayed itself, although he had, as he says in one of his Sonnets, which has been translated for this work, and also in another poem, very early become a poet:—

Vate nasci, fui vate inda na quadra,
Em que o velo viril macio, e tenro
Semelha o mimo da virginea face.

Some circumstances which occurred, added to his restless spirit, gave him a distaste to his regiment, which he soon quitted for the naval service; and he now spent three years in Lisbon, acknowledged as a Poet and especially as an Improvisatore, in which art he is represented to have been unequalled. A desire of fame and to see the world, so inherent in youth, and some disputes in which he had unfortunately got engaged, impelled him to embark for the Portuguese possessions in India, and he quitted Lisbon when he was twenty years of age. In one of his songs he thus takes leave of his country and friends, and states why he had been induced to quit his native land.

Antiga Patria minha, e Lar paterno,
Penates, a quem rendo hum culto interno,
Lacrimosos Parentes,
Que, inda na ausencia, me estaries presentes,
A Deos: hum vivo ardor de Nome, e Fama,
A nova Regiáo me attrahe, me chama.

Nos climas, onde mais de que na Historia
Vive dos Albruquerques a memoria;
Nos climas, onde a guerra
Heroes eternizou da Lysia terra,
Vou ver se acaso a meu destino agrada
Dar-me vida feliz, ou morte honrada.

On his arrival at Goa he was promoted to a Lieutenantcy in the Infantry, and in making a voyage from that city to Macaõ, like Camoens suffered shipwreck, saving only, as that admired Bard had his Lusiad, the poetry which formed the first volume of his works. His rare talents, which had now fully developed themselves, obtained for him the countenance and attentions of persons of consideration, but a tendency to satire, in which he most imprudently and improperly indulged in his verses, rendered him soon an object of hatred; and so far was this carried, that, his life being in danger, he solicited his recal and returned to Portugal, where he arrived after an absence of about five years.*

The mind of this author was impressed, much beyond what we have heard of before, with the idea of securing immortality for his name by his compositions. Every obligation of life, and every thought and wish were abandoned, devoted, or rendered subservient to this one object. On his arrival at Lisbon he was well received by those, who duly appreciated his talents; but he preferred a precarious existence to that comfort and ease, which his merit and abilities could well have secured for him. His ambitious views of renown were excited by the flatteries of others, with whom he associated; and which flatteries he was weak enough to consider as genuine applause due to him. He went even so far as to treat as fools, those who did not place him above his immediate predecessors Garcaõ, and Diniz, and even his contemporary Francisco Manoel. The exhortations of a judicious friend

* Aqui vago em perpetuo labyrintho
Sempre em risco de ver maligno braco,
No proprio sangue meu banhado e tinto. Tom. 1., Epist. 2

would at times moderate these foolish ideas, which held him up at once to ridicule and odium; but he always relapsed. In charity, we must consider that the greater part of his errors had their origin from the licentious company, which he kept, and to whom he had rendered himself dependent by the way of life he had embraced. His career was now unfortunately run amongst dissolute and improper persons; forgetful of his character and station, he abandoned the company of the noble and learned for that of those, who, disgracing him, plumed themselves on the title of being his friends. During this time some of his compositions were far from creditable, and at length he was thrown into gaol and the prisons of the Inquisition. From these he was released, at the interposition of the Marquesses of Ponte de Lima and Abrantes, and others, whose assistance he supplicated in letters which are at the same time the testimony of his superior talents, and of his lamented disgrace. Whilst thus confined, he translated part of the first Book of the Metamorphoses of Ovid with particular felicity. Unfortunately on his release he returned to his old course of life, his talent as an improvisatore obtaining him daily new admirers. His character, as it displayed itself at the different periods of his life, is thus summed up by his Biographer: restless, vehement, inconstant, a lover of novelty and the marvellous; a fanatic for renown; frequently almost profane in public, superstitious in private; free to engage in friendships but more so in breaking them; unjust in appreciating the merits of others, yet excessive in self-praise; difficult to please because his taste was changing momentarily; sensible to the charms of the fair sex, but more the debauchee than the lover; the

life and pleasure of a Café, but the disturber of an Assembly, where frequently the impetuosity of his temper led him as well to breaches of civility as propriety. Shining, however, through all this catalogue of faults, were perceived, at times, benevolence, great ingenuity, and nobleness of thought.

If the qualifications of Bocage, as a writer, be calmly considered, it will be found that nature had not endowed him either with much imagination or with a creative and original genius, but that these wants were covered by a glow of genius, approaching to enthusiasm ; and by a gaiety in writing and choiceness of language. His style was energetic, not strong. His verses to which he mainly owes his fame, shew a well-sustained harmony throughout.

Besides the Latin language, he was thoroughly acquainted with the French, knew well the Spanish and Italian, and had some knowledge of the English.

Bocage wrote some Odes and Songs, but they do not place him high amongst the Lyric writers of Portugal, As an Elegiac Poet, he is entitled to a more prominent situation. His Elegy on the unfortunate Queen of France is full of good feeling and pathos. Under this head may also be placed his Cantatas of Medea, Castro, and Hero and Leander; and it may be a subject of regret that he had not devoted himself more to the cultivation of this description of Poetry. He might have been the Prince of the Bucolic Poets of Portugal, had he imitated the delicacy and natural simplicity which had been introduced by Quita. He was not very successful in his Idyls. It is in his epigramatic Poems, in which are included his Sonnets, and in his Epistles, and Anacreontic Poetry, that he is so superior; and these, together with his excellent translations from the Latin and French,

will secure him a distinguished situation amongst the Poets of his country. He is also known as a Prose writer, and particularly as the translater of Gil Blas, from the French of Le Sage. It appears that he had once contemplated writing an epic Poem, on the deeds of the invincible Albuquerque; but he had scarcely commenced the first canto before he was seized with a fatal disease, an aneurism, under which he gradually sunk. He, however, bore up against it, still supported by the all engrossing idea of posthumous fame.

Portugal has been severely censured for that apathy which suffered her greatest poet, who was a native of Lisbon, to die neglected and destitute in an almshouse. This lot did not await Bocage, who was not born in Lisbon, but at Setubal. All classes felt most anxious as to his illness, and paid every respect in their enquiries as to his declining state; in fact, the whole Capital seemed deeply interested. He died on the 21st of Dec., 1805, being little more than 39 years of age, having during his protracted illness given most satisfactory proof of his return to those right feelings, from which he had, during the greater part of his life, been estranged.*

This is shown by the composition of the last of his Sonnets which follow. In the first he informs us that he was born a Poet. The second is couched in the sweetest language in which a Poet could write, but which may be taken as having been composed during the time when he was leading the life to which we have alluded. The last was written when, feeling his approach to the end of his worldly career, he seeks consolation where alone it is to be found, and asks pardon for his mis-spent years.

* This account is an abridgement of that which is prefixed to the works of Bocage.

Das faixas infantis despido apenas,
Sentia o sacro fogo arder na mente,
Meu terno coraçaõ inda innocente
Hiaõ ganhando as placidas Camenas.
Faces gentis Angelicas, serenas,
D'olhos suaves o volver fulgente
Da idéa me extrahiaõ de repente
Mil simples, maviosas cantillenas.
O tempo me soprou fervor divino,
As Musas me fizerão desgraçado,
Desgraçado me fez o Deos Menino.
A Amor quiz esquivar-me, e ao dom sagrado ;
Mas vendo no meu genio o meu destino,
Que havia de fazer ?—Cedi ao Fado.

Scarce was put off my infant swathing band,
Till o'er my senses crept the sacred fire ;
The gentle Nine the youthful embers fann'd,
Moulding my timid heart to their desire.
Faces angelic and serene, ere long,
And beaming brightness of revolving eyes,
Bade in my mind a thousand transports rise,
Which I should breathe in soft and tender song.
As time roll'd on the fervor greater was ;
The chains seem'd harsh the infant God had forg'd—
Luckless the Muses' gift—release I urg'd
From their sad dowry, and from Cupid's Laws ;—
But finding destiny had fix'd my state,
What could I do ?—I yielded to my fate.

Se é doce no recente ameno estio
  Ver toucar-se a manhan de ethereas flores ;
  E lambendo as areias e os verdores,
  Molle e queixoso, deslizar-se o rio.
Se é doce no innocente de safio
  Ouvirem-se os volateis amadores,
  Seus versos modulando, e seus ardores
  D'entre os aromas de pomar sombrio :
Se é doce mares, ceos ver anilados
  Pela quadra gentil, de amor querida,
  Q'esperta os corações, floreia os prados ;
Mas doce é ver-te, de meus ais vencida,
  Dar-me em teus brandos olhos desmaiados
  Morte, morte de amor, melhor que a vida,

If it is sweet in summer's gladsome day
  To see the morn in spangling flow'rets dress'd ;
  To see the sands and meadows gay caress'd
By river murm'ring as it winds its way.
If sweet to hear, amidst the orchard grove,
  The winged lovers to each other chaunt,
Warble the ardor of their fervent love,
  And in their songs their joyous bliss descant.
If it is sweet to view the sea serene,
  The sky's cerulean brightness, and the charms
Which nature gives to gild this mortal scene,
  And fill each living thing with soft alarms,—
More sweet to see thee, conquer'd by my sighs,
Deal out the sweetest death from thy soft yielding eyes.

Meu ser evaporei na lida insana
  Do tropel de paixões, que me arrastava :
  Ah ! cègo eu cria, ah ! misero eu sonhava,
  Em mim, quasi immortal, a essencia humana :
De que innumeros sóes a mente ufana
  Existencia fallaz me naõ doitava !
  Mas eis succumbe natureza escrava
  Ao mal, que a vida em sua origem damna,
Prazeres, socios meus, e meus tyrannos,
  Esta alma, que sedenta em si naõ coube,
  No abysmo vos sumio dos desenganos.
Deos—oh, Deos ! quando a morte a luz me roube,
  Ganhe hum momento o que perdêraõ annos,
  Saiba morrer o que viver naõ soube.

My being wasting in the frantic strife,
  From the mad whirls of passion ne'er exempt ;
  I blind believed and miserably dreamt
This frame immortal, and no end to life.
With what proud splendours to my haughty mind
  Seem'd I by life fallacious once endow'd !
  But Nature, sin-enslaved and feeble, bow'd
And, weak from primal taint, the course resign'd.
Ye pleasures ! gone is now your former might,
  Companions once and tyrants, my free'd soul
  Casts ye to where the Past's dim waters roll—
Oh God, when death shall rob these eyes of light,
  To pardon sins of years one moment give,
  May he know how to die, who knew not how to live.

Francisco Manoel do Nascimento.

It was not until his maturer years that the works of this Poet became celebrated and known; following in the track of Diniz and Garçaõ he wooed the classic Muses, and, imbued with a taste for antiquity, became the imitator at once of Horace and Pindar, and by many is esteemed as their rival and equal.

Mons. Sané has prefixed to a selection of his Odes, which he published with translations in prose, in Paris in 1808, an account of the life and writings of Francisco Manoel, from this, and from the remarks of the Chevalier de Almeida Garrett, the following notice is taken.

Born at Lisbon on the 25th December, 1734, of parents, who had station in society and ample means, every care was taken in the bringing up of their only son, who however did not shew when young any indications of those splendid talents and that extraordinary genius, which rendered him afterwards so conspicuous. On the contrary, he was slow and dull; but this may in a great measure be attributed to the faulty system of education, which prevailed at the time in Portugal. It was to Music that he was indebted for the revealment of his future vocation. Lisbon had then its Royal School for the cultivation of this fascinating art, conducted by efficient masters. Francisco attended their lessons, and acknowledged, in after life, that he acquired from the first impressions of musical rhythm, and the delicate arrangement of melody, that refinement visible even in his earlier verses, and

producing afterwards that harmony, which characterises the various descriptions of Poetry he composed.

His first Poems were Romances, not possessing any merit beyond conveying sentiments naturally expressed, and which were written chiefly to please a lady, who sang them. He still wanted instruction, but it was in vain to look for it in Portugal, and it is much to his credit that, notwithstanding this drawback, he contributed very considerably with Diniz, Garcaõ, and others, towards the restoration of the Poetry of their country. By degrees, however, his taste was formed, and his poetical success was ensured.

He had a narrow escape from the earthquake in 1755; being, at the time it happened, in the Partriarchal church; and owed his safety to the quickness of his flight, which he made through the streets, surrounded by ruins and amidst showers of stones, which, while they interrupted his course, threatened death at every step.

Shortly after this calamity had befallen Lisbon, curiosity brought there many strangers of distinction, whom he met in society, and by whom he was informed of the literary treasures of France, England, and Italy. He thereupon applied himself to the study of the languages of those countries, but his preference was shown for that of antient Rome. His genius directed him to the composition of the various kinds of Lyric Poetry; Horace being his favourite master, and being, afterwards in his exile, his companion and solace. —Having studied the best models, and made translations from the most approved authors, as well antient as modern, he acquired a style which raised him far above the rhymers of the day.

He had, until his twenty-sixth year, concealed from the

public the works which he had composed; when one of his friends, desiring to withdraw him from that obscurity in which he had kept himself, published a selection of them without his permission. The Poet gained honor, but lost his happiness. From that moment, instead of reaping those fruits which were his due, envy stepped in, and the crowd of minor poets pursued him as the object of their hatred. He, too proud, and having been involuntarily brought into action, replied to their attacks, and a fierce warfare ensued. Foiled in their efforts, they ceased to write, and resorted to other means to get rid of their victim. An independent fortune had enabled him to devote his time to study, and he had formed around him a circle of his countrymen and of foreign merchants, for the purpose of restoring the literature of his country to that purity it enjoyed at the time when Camoens wrote. This Society did not entertain any designs against the honor or peace of Portugal; they had, however, incautiously been so indiscreet as to satirize the ignorance and conduct of some of the monks, and the Poet became suspected by the Inquisition. He was denounced by a person to whom he had rendered services when himself in disgrace, but with whom he unluckily had had some warm discussion. Conceiving the base idea of revenge, and urged on by the enemies of Manoel, they by flattery secured his favor, and this person becoming the instrument of their designs, the blow was struck.

It was at six o'clock in the morning of the 4th July, 1778, that a Chevalier of the Order of Christ presented himself at his house. The countenance of this person, his constrained air and visible confusion gave sufficient indication of the object of his visit, but courage at this terrible moment saved Francisco Manoel. "I divine what brings you here,"

he calmly said, " I will dress and attend you." He put on his clothes in haste, opened his desk, took out some papers and cash, seized a poignard, and stood before this person. Placing the dagger to his breast, he told him if he moved a step or said one word, he was dead. The Chevalier was pale, mute, and unmoveable. Manoel envelopped in his cloak, flew down the staircase, passed the coachman and servant at the door, entered the hotel of a nobleman ; and, passing through into an unfrequented street, sought refuge with a French merchant, who was his friend. He had now escaped the most imminent danger, but he had to undergo continued anguish until his departure from Lisbon. Friendship was here shewn in its noblest form. His own physical vigour had saved him from the hands of the person sent to arrest him, the devotedness of his friends did the rest. These generous persons visited the quarters of the city, and coffee-houses, to hear the rumours concerning him; and returning to tranquilize their proscribed associate, occupied themselves in devising the means of getting him out of the kingdom. A French vessel was to sail for Havre, but her departure was not to take place for eleven or twelve days; it was, therefore, deemed prudent that he should frequently change his place of retreat, which he did. In the evenings he went, by the least populous streets, to pass the nights at the extreme parts of Lisbon; his friends watching him, and ready to devote themselves for his defence.

The adventure, and the rash attempt at escape, became the news of the day, and it was reported that the unfortunate person did not long survive the ill suceess of his mission.— By an expression made use of by an Inquisitor to one of the friends of Manoel, it appeared that had he fallen into their

hands, he had little to hope. At length the ship, which lay about two leagues below Lisbon, was ready to sail. On the 15th of July, 1778, at midnight, a nobleman, one of his attached friends, entered the asylum of the Poet, and telling him he had not a moment to lose, gave him as a disguise the dress of a sailor. He accompanied this friend and passed his own house, then strictly guarded by soldiers. Arrived at the Paço d'Arcos, Francisco mixed with the sailors, and rolled a box of oranges on board. New fears arose in consequence of orders having been sent to all the ports and the frontiers of the kingdom to prevent his escape, and it was necessary to pass the forts which command the entrance of the Tagus. The Captain desired him to be easy, telling him the Commanders were his friends, and would not visit the vessel.—The ship was challenged, and the reply made, that she was a Portuguese vessel, the colours of which nation she bore.—The vessel having been long exposed to the sun, was found to be leaky, and it was at one time thought that the best plan would be to make for Oporto, where an opportunity of escape might offer from the number of ships leaving that place, but the leak was fortunately stopped. After various fears and disasters, having been at sea twenty-seven days, he arrived at Havre, and set out directly for Paris. Here he spent a year before the new scenes, and his desire of study could dissipate the shock his mind had received. He, however, at length found repose and security from that power, which had confiscated his property; and, by doing so, rendered his means of subsistence strait and precarious. He had resided in Paris some years, when a Portuguese gentleman, who was high in the department for foreign affairs, was named ambassador from Portugal to Holland. He esteemed Fran-

cisco Manoel, took him with him to the Hague, and for a considerable time treated him with great kindness and hospitality. On this person receiving a new appointment, Francisco returned to Paris, which city he never quitted afterwards. The revolution in France now took place and absorbed all interest; resigned to his lot, and living in the most profound obscurity, he sought consolation in literature. His habitual intercourse with the French had not obliterated the memory of his native language, nor was he ever known to accuse his country for the losses he had suffered. As there was not a Portuguese, who came to Paris, that did not regard it as a duty to visit him, and feel it a pleasure in being allowed to do so, he at times found himself in the company of some of his old friends, and on these occasions the memory of his misfortunes and privations fled at the pleasure he felt when seated at his frugal table with them. He would then recite, to the delight of his companions, his favourite odes; whilst they, enchanted with his company, regretted deeply that a man of his talents, once rich, caressed, and worthy of distinguished station in his own country, should languish, poor, old and forgotten, in a foreign state. He, however, was happy at the thoughts that his friends were enjoying his humble fare, and recalled the humour of his better days for their entertainment. It was from hence also that he sent to his distant friends poetical effusions, evincing merit, and throwing into ridicule the productions of those poetasters in Portugal, who, no longer restrained by his presence and example, were doing all they could to replunge its literature into that state of decay from which it had been recovered. He had translated the account of the History of the King Dom Manoel, from the Latin of Osorius, for the printing of which in Lisbon, at the Government expense, so

highly was it esteemed, an order was issued; but his persecutors here again interfered, and he never derived any benefit from it.

He died on the 25th February, 1819, in Paris, of a dropsy, having entered his eighty-fifth year. His obsequies were performed in the Church of St. Philippe du Roule, the parish in which he died, and at which most of the Portuguese who were then in Paris assisted. The body was deposited in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where a stone was put up to his memory. All this was kindly done at the expense of the Marquis de Marialva, then Ambassador to France, and who, during Manoel's illness, took care that every necessary assistance was rendered to him. The character of Francisco Manoel as a man, was as noble as it was upright. Persecution, exile, poverty, and perfidy, never shook the firmness of his principles. Fortune might smite him, but she could not humiliate or overwhelm him. Self esteem, that noble source of true courage, strengthened him to support himself with resignation, under the heaviest misfortunes which could happen to man.

His works were published, with a portrait, in Paris, in eleven volumes, octavo, in 1817, and the two following years, the latter volume, only just preceding his death.

No Poet since Camoens has done so much for Portuguese poetry; and, although successful in every department, having left excellent proofs behind him, he rose above all in the composition of his Odes. Of these, one on the Decline of Portugal, and another addressed to Dom Afonso d'Albuquerque claim particular notice. Indeed, as to the latter, nothing finer, if so good, is to be found in Pindar, according to the opinion of one, who, a native of Portugal, and

a scholar, is very capable of forming a judgment of its merits. An Epistle on the art of poetry and on the Portuguese language is also highly spoken of. He excelled most in lyric poetry, and therein he marches in the steps of the ancients, mingling the sweet with the grave, the pleasant with the severe. In his unrivalled Odes, he is truly Horacian; not that he is a servile imitator of his great master, but an accomplished scholar; adapting to the manners of his own times and of his country, the fine taste of the Roman Poet, and making as it were the Poet of the Tiber express himself in the language of Camoens.

His faculties towards the close of his life failed him in some measure, but the productions of his latter years are only such as might be expected from the pen of an octogenarian, and the faults discernible in them are neither such or so many, as envy and ignorance would attribute to him.

Besides his Odes, Letters, Sonnets, and other original pieces, the Portuguese Language is indebted to him for Translations of Wieland's Oberon, the Punic war of Silius Italicus, The Fables of La Fontaine, and the Martyrs of the Viscount Chateaubriand, who wrote him a very complimentary letter on knowing that he had translated the work. Several of his works are dedicated to his kind patron and benefactor, the Senhor Antonio de Araujo de Azevedo, Pinto Pereyra, &c., afterwards Conde da Barca. He was also the author of several prose productions, which, with some translations of the Tragedies of Racine, form the contents of the last volume of his works.

Désce a meus braços, desce, alma Alegria
Consolaçao de miseros amantes :
De teu rôsto, e teus ólhos radiantes
Me vem mais claro o Sol, mais claro o dia.
Treme de ancia a cruel Melancholîa
Só de te ouvir as vózes exultantes ;
C'o passo enleiado, os peitos palpitantes,
Fóge a tarda Molestia, a Dor impîa.
J'á sinto, pelos membros desgostosos,
Sacudir-me um vital Esp'rito ardente
Do frio sangue os passos vagarosos ;
Já o prado ri, e este ar é mais luzente ;
Que vem com Marcia os Risos graciosos
Com que a mim, com que ao mundo traz contente.

Descend, o Joy ! descend in brightest guise !
Thou cherish'd hope to pining lovers dear ;
More bright to me the Sun, the day more clear
For thy inspiring looks and radiant eyes.
When heard thy voice—abash'd in anguish sad,
Cruel Melancholy quails—unhallow'd Woe
And Grief with doubting step together go,
Their bosoms heaving at thy clarion glad.
Through my tir'd frame a soft emotion steals,
And in my veins a vital spirit springs,
Chasing the blood, which cold and languid flow'd :
The meadows laugh, and light the air now feels—
For Marcia's smile, when graciously bestow'd,
To me and all around contentment brings.

Dos mysterios de Amor inda ignorante,
  Por um valle desci, sem mais cuidados,
  Que ouvir do Rouxinol os requebrados
  Cantos, com que affeiçoa a meiga Amante.
Eis que encontro rotinho um lindo Infante,
  Loura a madeixa, os olhos engraçados,
  Mas nús os pés, de longo andar cansados,
  De frio, e dôr estreito o alvo semblante.
Tómo-o no cóllo, amimo-o em seu desgôsto,
  Compassivo o consólo, ao peito o apérto,
  Beijando térno o entristecido rôsto.
Quem creo tal dólo, em candidez cobérto ?
  Soprou-me amor no peito, rio de gôsto,
  E rindo foi rasgando esse ar abérto.

As yet unpractis'd in the ways of Love
  The vale I sought, my sole intent to hear
  The nightingale pour forth those love-notes clear,
Which to his mate his fond affection prove.
A tender Imp I chanced encounter there,
  With golden hair and eyes with cunning bright,
His naked feet with travel weary were,
  And cold and pale, he seem'd in piteous plight.
I took him to my breast and sooth'd his grief,
Kiss'd his sad cheek, and proffer'd him relief.—
Who would believe that 'neath his dealing fair
  Was hid such craft—the wily boy infus'd
  His poison, and, my confidence abus'd—
Laugh'd in my face, and vanish'd in the air.

O Conde da Barca.

This nobleman was the Senhor Antonio de Aruajo de Azevedo Pinto Pereyra, who has been mentioned in the memoir of Francisco Manoel do Nascimento, and to whom he proved himself a sincerely attached friend and benefactor, assisting him during the vicissitudes of his eventful life, and being an ardent admirer of his Poetry. He predeceased the Poet by three years, dying at Rio de Janeiro, whither he had accompanied the Portuguese Court in 1807, and where he was Minister for Foreign Affairs. He was a nobleman of high consideration and rank, being a Grand Cross of the orders of Christ and the Tower and Sword of Portugal, and of the Spanish order of Isabel; and he had honourably filled the situation of Ambassador from Portugal to several of the Courts of Europe. To him, as his kind patron, Francisco Manoel dedicated several of his works, and wrote an Ode expressly devoted to the praise of his friend. Amongst the laudatory Poems, addressed to the Poet, is the following Sonnet, which appears at the commencement of the fifth volume of his works.

The Conde da Barca united the study of literature to the cares of office, and translated, with great success, Dryden's Alexander's Feast, some of Gray's Odes and his Elegy.—They were anonymously printed, and, Mr. Bouterwek writes, were intended "to direct the attention of his poetical contemporaries to the hitherto unexplored side of the Portuguese Parnassus;" or, in the express words of their author, "to counteract the too great predilection of the Portuguese nation for languishing pastoral poetry."

Tu que vôas além da vista humana,
Quando sublime estreitas leis quebrantas,
E com douto delirio o mundo encantas
Pulsando déstro a Lyra Horaciana :
Tu de quem a facundia igual dimana,
Se os novos Gamas, se os antigos cantas,
E em lingua pura, e altisona levantas
Mais majestosa a Musa Lusitana.
Bem como águia que aos filhos seus ensina
A remontar-se ao Sol, que sopesados
Os leva, e fende a ethérea azul campina,
Assim me eleva aos dois cumes sagrados,
Oh ! mostra-me o licor da Cabállina,
E os arcanos de Apollo mais vedados.

You who, when madden'd by the learned fire,
Disdain the strict Poetic laws, and rise
Sublime beyond the ken of human eyes,
Striking with happiest art th' Horacian Lyre :
Who streams of equal eloquence diffuse,
Whether new Gamas or the old* you praise ;
And with pure strain and loftiest language raise
Majestic more the Lusitanian Muse.
As the bold eagle in its tow'ring flights
Instructs its young to brave the solar blaze,
Skim the blue sky, or balance on the wing—
So teach you me to gain those sacred heights—
On fam'd Apollo's secrets let me gaze—
The waters let me quaff of Cabalinus' spring.

* Vasco da Gama, the Hero of the Lusiad.

Domingos Mariniano Torres,

AND

Belchior Manoel Curvo Semedo.

Torres was contemporary with Francisco Manoel; the friend of this best poet of his time, like him, he had a miserable existence, and died in the Hospital de Trafaria in 1809. He was a member of the Arcadian Society, under the name of Alfeno Cynthio. He is noticed as a man of genius by nearly all the writers upon the Literature of Portugal. Mr. Denys says that his works are rather devoid of fancy; but that this fault is redeemed by elegance and purity of language.* The Chevalier de Almeida Garrett writes that very honorable mention is due from the History of the Language and Poetry of Portugal to Torres, whose Eclogues rival those of Quita and Gesner; and whose Cançonets, after those of Claudio Manoel da Costa, are the best in the language.†

Mr. Kinsey also notices him in high terms of praise, giving preference to his Cançonets amongst his writings.‡

Of the Senhor Semedo I have no information, except that the Chevalier de Almeida Garrett says that his works are deserving of public approval, and that he was a friend of Bocage.

The specimen here given is from the Parnasso Lusitano.

* Resume de l' Histoire Litteraire du Portugal. † Parnaso Lusitano.
‡ Portugal illustrated.

Ve como está sereno e deleitoso
O Mar leite, gentil Marilia ingrata !
Como nas aguas nitidas retrata
Os Ceos ceruleos Phebo radioso !
Porêm subito inchado e procelloso
Em serras cava a crespa undosa prata,
E c'o fero aquilaõ bramindo trata,
A lampada apagar do sol formoso.
Copia fiel do perfido elemento
Te contemplo, meu bem, toda brandura
Affavel riso, e terno acolhimento,
Mas tincto de ira e de suspéita impura
Vejo o teu rosto infido u'um momento !—
Bate as azas amor, foge a doçura !

Marilia, dear but oh ungrateful Fair !
Look on the sea serene, and calmly bright,
The sky's blue lustre and the sun's clear light
How on its bosom now reflected are !
A sudden storm comes on—in mountains high
By furious gusts the silvery billows driven,
Seem as they would, while raging up to heaven,
Blot the fair lamp of Phœbus from the sky.
Dear one, how copied to the life in Thee
The same perfidious element I see,—
The smile, the look, which fondest hopes can raise—
But let a false suspicion once arise,
Thy face indignant sullen wrath betrays,
Love claps his wings and all the softness flies.

"Medonha corre a noite, a froxa lua
A furto mostra o rosto desmaiado :
Em mil voluveis serras levantado
Ruge raivoso o mar na praia nua :
Um so baixel nas ondas naõ fluctua ;
Os nautas dormem, zune o vento irado ;
Ah doce Laura ! ah doce objecto amado
Quem vira agora a linda imagem tua !"
Assim as vozes eu soltava ancioso,
Quando Laura, o meu bem, a minha estrella,
Ao lado vejo, e vejo-me ditoso.
No meu pobre batel entro com ella :
Oh ceos ! desde que sulco o Tejo undoso,
Nunca vi, nem gozei noite mais bella !

"Dismal the night—the moon her pallid face
By stealth amidst the flitting clouds displays ;
A thousand mountain waves each other chace,
And shake the darken'd strand with wild amaze ;
No vessel tosses on the waters drear,
But whilst the angry winds provoke the deep,
Ashore the mariners in safety sleep—
Oh Laura might thy image now appear !"
I thus my anxious invocation sent—
When Laura, lovely star, my soul's delight !
Stood by my side—oh bliss, ev'n less avowed
Than felt—into my little skiff we went.
Oh Heavens ! since I've the waves of Tagus ploughed
Ne'er saw I or enjoy'd so sweet a night.

NEWCASTLE: PRINTED BY T. AND J. HODGSON.

Lusitania Illustrata:

NOTICES

ON THE

HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, LITERATURE, &c.

OF

Portugal.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT. PART II.

MINSTRELSY.

BY

JOHN ADAMSON, K. T. S. & K. C. OF PORTUGAL.

CORRESP. MEMB. ROY. ACAD. OF SCIENCES OF LISBON,
F. L. S., F. R. G. S., &c., &c., &c.

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M.D.CCC.XLVI.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

Senhor José B. de Almeida-Garrett,

COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF CHRIST,

&c., &c., &c.

My Dear Friend!

To whom can I dedicate this part of the Lusitania Illustrata with so much justice as to you, from whose works nearly the whole has been compiled.

You will remember when, many years ago, we conversed and corresponded on the subject of the poetical Traditions of your Country; and when

you, prompted by the example of my Countrymen, Percy and others, who had collected our older Ballads, and by the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, determined to rescue from oblivion the Minstrelsy of Portugal.

You were then an exile in England, and if, during that period, my friendship afforded you any solace, as you have been kindly pleased to intimate; the recollection of our communications is equally a source of pleasure to me. You afterwards returned to Portugal, and have enjoyed place and station, besides having your high literary attainments duly appreciated.

In the present publication I have little to claim. The preliminary remarks are almost all drawn from your own observations. I made as faithful translations as I could of the poems, and the ver-

sification of them is due for the most part to my valued friend the Rev. R. C. Coxe, Vicar of Newcastle upon Tyne.

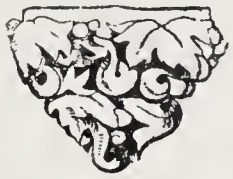
Trusting that you will long live to increase your literary reputation,

I am, my dear Friend,

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN ADAMSON.

Newcastle upon Tyne, January 1846.



PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE earliest efforts of Literature in all countries appear in the form of poetical Traditions, many of which have not been consigned to writing until much of the originals has been irretrievably lost.

The Portuguese Literature had its commencement with its imitators of the Troubadours; but, amidst the struggles and noise of warfare, it had small chance of cultivation; and the probability is, that it obtained little amelioration until the time of the king Dom Diniz; who, himself a poet and an able and distinguished scholar, during the calm of peace protected and encouraged it.

From the Reign of Dom Joao I. until the death of Dom Manoel, the arts and sciences kept pace and increased with the national virtue and the national pride. It was at that period that Gil Vicente laid the foundation for a theatre of the living languages, and that Bernardim Ribeiro, taking advantage of the Ro-

manesque Composition of Vasco de Lobeira, brought out the as yet uncultivated Romances of his country.

The Portuguese Language, from its natural suavity of idiom and its melancholy softness, is peculiarly adapted to pastoral poetry; and of these qualities Ribeiro greatly availed himself, being certainly one of the best of the elder bards and writers. What he wanted in the sublime was amply made up for in the sweetness and softness in which he breathed what in Portugal are termed "Saudades"; (we have no corresponding word in English) of which Saudades he was the true relator. Their allurements he had felt and therefore knew full well how to pourtray them.

It is not however with these poets, that we have at present to occupy our attention, we must go to a period before them, when those antient pieces were produced which we are now about to describe; and which have either been preserved in the Cancioneiros, in which we find the productions of some of the Royal Family and Nobles of Portugal; or have descended as traditions and been saved by recitations.

The earliest poetry of Portugal consisted of Trovas, popular Romances, Xacaras or Chacras and Solaõs; distinctions upon which the Senhor de Almeida-Garrett, a most accomplished scholar and one who has given most attention to the subject, does not feel himself competent to decide. We may however consider

them as divided into the Romance, in which the Epic predominates, the poet relating and singing the events —The Xacara or Chacra, where the Dramatic prevails, the poet saying little and leaving nearly all to the personages introduced—and the Solaõ, which is of a more plaintive and Lyric character, expressive of sorrow rather than recounting facts.

Of most of these relics only fragments have been handed down, several of which are found in the Cancioneiros, or dispersed in some of the earliest works of the Portugueze authors. It is to the indefatigable exertions of the Senhor de Almeida-Garrett that not only Portugal but the literary world are indebted for the preservation of so many of these antient pieces. With peculiar elegance he has selected the oldest, and, clothing them in more modern language, given to the public specimens of their interesting Remains.

It was when resident in London, in 1828, that he published a Romance founded on one of these Relics under the title of Adozinda, and which appears as the first article of that portion of his works, which is dedicated to illustrate the Minstrelsy of Portugal.* This poem is too long and the subject is too painful to be admitted in this selection. When it was published the writer of these remarks submitted it and the

* Romanceiro e Cancioneiro Geral. Tomo 1. Lisboa. 12o. 1843, forming part of the works of the Senhor de Almeida-Garrett, in course of publication.

Romance of Bernal-Francez to the late Dr. Southey, who was pleased to signify his unqualified approbation of them and highly to compliment the author. He has promised in a subsequent volume to continue the Romances he has restored, and to accompany them by a collection of other fragments from the best copies he has been able to procure. As the pieces are illustrated, either in the preface, or by notes, we shall hope to derive from this continuation much valuable information on their structure; and may in a subsequent publication give some further account of them.

In his laudable research the author states, that he had been assisted by various literary friends, and he particularly mentions the Senhor Duarte Lessa—Doctor Emygdio Costa—Senhor Rivara, the able and zealous Librarian of the City of Evora—Senhor Rodrigues d'Abreu, the Librarian at Braga—his old and faithful companion Doctor J. Eloy Nunes-Cardoso of Monte-mor-o-novo, and the Senhor Herculano, the keeper of the Royal Library of the Ajuda Palace.

It has been thought right to present to our readers one of the pieces in its original state, as preserved in the oral traditions of the people; with a literal translation. The Romance of Bernal-Francez has been selected for this purpose, as being one of the best known and probably the most antient Chacra which the people sing. Its simple commencement, at the

same time so dramatic, and the melancholy with which it terminates, give to it all the character of the primitive poetry of a heroic people; and afford a good example of the best description of Portugueze popular poetry. That it is originally Portugueze may be inferred from its not having appeared in any of the Castilian Romanceiros. It is the first in our selection from the Senhor de Almeida-Garrett's work.

Romance of Bernal Francez,

AS SUNG BY THE PEOPLE FROM THE OLDEST ORAL TRADITION.

—"QUEM bate á minha porta,
Quem bate, oh! quem 'stá ahi?"
—"Sou Bernal francez, senhora."
—"Minha porta vou abrir.
Mas se é outro cavalleiro,
Bem se póde d'ahi ir."

"Ao descer da minha cama
Eu rompi o meu frandil;
Ao abrir da minha porta
Me apagaram meu candil
Eu lhe peguei pela máo
E o levei ao meu jardim;
Fiz-lhe uma cama de rosas
Rodeada de jasmins;
Lavei-o em agua de flores
E deitei-o a par de mim."

---

* * * *

* * * *

—" Meia noite ja é dada
Sem te virares p'ra mim!
Se témel'os meus irmáos,
Elles nao virao aqui;
Se témel'as minhas filhas,
Ellas náo virão aqui;
Se temel'os meus criados
Elles não virão aqui;
Se temes a meu marido,
Longes terras 'stá d'aqui.
Má traça! matem-no os Mouros
Más novas venham a mim."
—" Não temo aos teus irmãos,
Pois cunhados são de mim;
Não temo das tuas filhas
Pois que filhas são de mim;
A teu marido não temo,
Pois está a par de ti."
—" Se tu és o meu marido,
Quero-te mais do que a mim.
Oh! que sonho tam estranho
Que eu tive agora aqui!"
—" Deixa tu vir a manhan
Que eu te dou para vestir
Um bom saiote de grana,
Bom gibão de cramezim,
Gargantilha de cutello;
Pois tu o queres assim."

---

* * * *

* * * *

—" Deixa-me ir por 'qui abaixo
Co'a minha capa cahida,
Vou-me ver a minha amada
Se é morta ou se é viva."
—" Tua amada, meu senhor,
E' morta, que eu bem a vi:

Os signaes que ella levava
Eu t'os digo agora aqui;
Levava saia de grana
E gibão de cramezi,
Gargantilha de cutello;
Tudo por amor de ti.
O caixão que a levava
Era de oiro e marfim,
Frades que a accompanhavam
Não tinham conto nem fim;
Ella se foi a enterrar
A' igreja de San Gil."

* * * *

* * * *

—"Abre-te, ó campa sagrada,
Comtigo me quer' cubrir."

* * * *

* * * *

—" Vive, vive, cavalleiro,
Vive tu, que eu ja morri.
Braços com que te abraçava
Ja não teem vigor em si,
Olhos com que te mirava
Ja a terra os cubri',
Boca com que te bejava
Ja não tem sabor em si.
A mulher com quem casares
Chame-se Anna com'a mim;
Filhas que d'ella tiveres
Ensina-as melhor que a mim,
Que se não percam por homens
Como m'eu perdi por ti."

Translation.

" Who is it at my portal knocks—
Who knocks—oh who, unto me state "—
" I Bernal the Frenchman Lady am"—
" Ah then I'll ope for you the gate.
If other Cavalier thou art,
'Twere well thou should'st from hence depart."

" From my bed, in the descent,
I my undergarment rent;
When the door was open thrown
The lamp went out—the light was flown—
By the hand I then him led
Into my bower, and made a bed
Of Roses, which I circled round
And with lovely jasmine bound;
I waters took, from flow'rets sweet
Distill'd by me, to lave his feet—
And then I laid him by my side
A place wherein he should abide."

" Now the midnight hours flee,
Yet thou turnest not to me.
If 'tis my Brothers that you fear
They will none of them come here—
If 'tis my daughters cause you fear
They will none of them come here—
If 'tis my servants that you fear
They will none of them come here.
If Husband mine cause you alarm,
His absence far keeps you from harm;
And should the Moors to death him doom,
Worse news than that to me might come."

" I of your brothers have no fear,
Brothers in law are they to me;
Nor of your daughters were they here—

Daughters to me as well as thee.—
Of your Husband I've no fears
For close to thee he now appears."
"Oh if thou art my Husband dear
Lov'd by me more than self art thou—
Oh from what dream so strange and drear
Have I just awaken'd now."
"Wait thee until morning come,
When I will give thyself to clad
Of purple vest a cassock good,
A cloak of crimson with a hood,
A knife shall be thy necklace sad
Since thou hast chosen so thy doom."

"Here concealed within my cloak
Let me descend my love to see—
Upon her form I wish to look
Whether alive or dead she be."
"Thine own belov'd, oh Senhor mine!
Is dead as well these eyes did see;
Of what she wore the fatal sign
I will now explain to thee.
Of purple vest a cassock good,
A cloak of crimson with a hood;
A knife her necklace sad did prove
All worn to shew for thee her love.
The Box that did her corpse enfold
Was made of ivory and of gold,
The Friars, who did the right attend,
Were without count and without end;
And in the chapel of Saint Gil
Her body there a grave does fill."

"Oh sacred Earth—oh open thee
That I with thee may cover'd be."

"Live thou, Cavalier! live thou
  Live thou, although now dead am I;
No vigour in these arms is now,
  Where thou in soft embrace did'st lie—
The eyes which on you gave kind look
  Now by earth cover'd dim are grown;
From mouth, whence kisses sweet you took,
  The honey all is gone and flown.
The lady who thy wife may be
  Call her Anna as my name;
The daughters she may bear to thee
  Oh teach them to avoid my shame;
That after men they ne'er may flee,
As I have lost myself for thee."

The second piece in our selection, "A Noite de San Joao," was composed from pleasing recollections of the popular songs, in which the Author, in his infancy, had heard the people of the Minho province celebrate the Night of Saint John. The remembrance of the bonfires on this night also in the neighbourhood of Lisbon warmed his imagination when far distant from home. The poem was composed we learn at San Miguel in the Azores at the Quinta of his old and estimable friend the Senhor José Leite. The plant burnt in the fires was the Artichoke.

The third of the series, Rosalinda, evinces all the luxuriant freshness of primitive poetry; and, notwithstanding the unfortunate end to the adventures, all that is loathsome in sepulture vanishes—a beautiful tree and blooming rosary reproduce in new

and changed forms the bodies of the Lovers. Life does not die, only changes; and, although attempts are made to destroy, yet the impassioned renewals cannot be prevented. This image has been popular throughout Europe, where we find it in the Romances and Solāos of all the people composing the circuit of the Romano-Celtic, Romano-Tuetonic, or Celtic-Tuetonic Race—perhaps the most correct would be to say the latter. It is not known where the original idea was entertained. The Romance of Prince Robert,* published by Sir Walter Scott from oral traditions, terminates with the following verses, which approximate nearest to the Portugueze.

"The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
The tother in Marie's quair;
And out o' the tane there sprang a birk,
And out o' tother a brier.

And thae twa met, and they twa plat,
The birk but and the brier;
And by that ye may very weel ken
They were two Lovers dear."

The Senhor de Almeida-Garrett composed this Romance from three different fragments; the first Eginaldo called by the people Girinaldo; the second and third are interwoven with Clara-linda, or Clara-lindes, which the Castilians called Clara-niña, giving to the

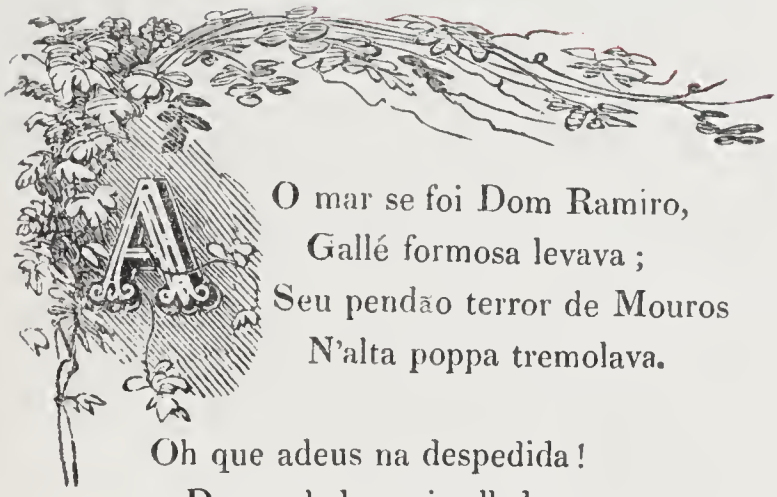
* Minstrelsy vol. iii.

Romance the name of Conde Claros. The pipes mentioned in the Ballad are the Bagpipes.

The concluding piece is entitled "O Chapim d'El-Rei, ou Parras Verdes." The King's Slipper, or Green Leaves of the Vineyard. The word Chapim is literally a clog or patten, as also a sandal used by actors in Tragedy—we have thought the word slipper more fitting. This poem is a Chacra, of which there are many extant in Portugal. In it the narrative is rendered highly dramatic by the speeches of some or other of the personages who figure in it, whilst the poet has not much to say. The piece has been reconstructed from fragments of antient popular compositions and the author was almost induced to withhold it, afraid that he might be accused of imposture as were our Macpherson and his own countryman Fr. Bernardo de Brito. The fragments were communicated by the kindness of Senhor Rivara, and were partly in prose and partly in verse; a state in which many of these pieces are found. They were verified afterwards by discoveries made in the neighbourhood of Lisbon. The personage called Mordomo in the poem was the Steward of the Household of the king.

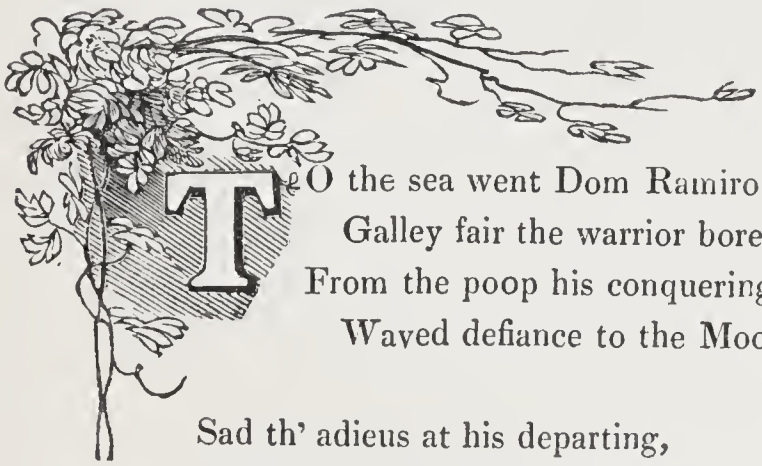
Minstrelsy.

Bernal-Francez.



AO mar se foi Dom Ramiro,
Gallé formosa levava;
Seu pendão terror de Mouros
N'alta poppa tremolava.

Oh que adeus na despedida!
De saudades vai rallado;
Com tantos annos de amores,
Não tem um de desposado.



TO the sea went Dom Ramiro
Galley fair the warrior bore,
From the poop his conquering pennon
Waved defiance to the Moor.

Sad th' adieus at his departing,
Pangs of anguish rack'd his breast;
Many a year an anxious lover—
Scarce twelve moons a husband blest.

Nem ha dama em toda a Hespanha
  Tam bella como é Violante ;
Não a houvera egual no mundo
  Se ella fôra mais constante.

Bate o mar na barbacan
  Do castello alevantado,
So a vela * na alta tôrre
  Não cede ao somno pezado.

Tudo o mais repousa e dorme,
  Tudo é silencio ao redor ;
Dobra o recato nas portas
  Com a ausencia do senhor.

You may not find a Spanish maiden
  As Violante fair to view—
Peerless she among earth's daughters,
  Had the heart been leal and true!

Loud beats the sea against the basement
  Of the castle's towering steep,
One only eye in that lone turret
  Keeps the watch that knows not sleep.

All is deep repose and slumber—
  All is silence—close the ward
Of jealous gate and stout portcullis
  While away the warrior Lord!

* Vigia.

Mas a certa hora da noite
  Se ve luz n'uma setteira,
E logo cruzar por perto
  Leve barca aventureira.

Muitas noites que passaram,
  Manso esteja ou bravo o mar,
A mesma luz, á mesma hora,
  A mesma barca a passar.

E isto ignora o bom Rodrigo,
  Que tam fiel prometteu
De guardar a seu senhor
  Juramento que lhe deu?

Still, at witching hour of midnight,
  Gleams on high a tiny spark;
And ever silent underneath it
  Floats a swift and vent'rous bark—

And as night to night succeeded,
  Smooth or rough might be the sea—
Still above the light would tremble—
  Still beneath the bark would be.

Knew'st thou this, good Roderigo?
  Had'st forgot the sacred word?
With many a solemn pledge and promise
  Plighted to thine absent Lord?

Sabera, não sabera :
  Mas a c'ravella ligeira
Que aopé da torre varada
  Jazia alli na ribeira,

Uma noite escura e feia
  Na praia menos se achou ;
Quem n'ella foi não se sabe,
  Mas onde foi não tornou.

E o farol que no alto luz
  Á mesma hora a brilhar . . .
So a barca aventureira
  Não foi vista hoje passar.

Aye ! or nay ! no man may answer—
  Yet the vent'rous caraval
Still rocked beneath that guarded tower
  Silent still the warder's call !—

One night at length full dark and drear, it
  Parted from the wonted shore—
Who it bore no man can tell us—
  But it came again no more.

As returned the hour of trysting
  Soft the light began to gleam—
But no swift advent'rous pinnace
  Answer'd to the luring beam !

E d'um lado aopé da rocha
  Havia um falso postigo:
So o sabem Dom Ramiro,
  Violante e o fiel Rodrigo.

Mas alta noite, horas mortas,
  Gente que o postigo entrava,
E á porta de Violante
  Manso bater se escutava.

'Quem bate á minha porta,
  Quem bate, oh! quem 'stá ahi?'
—'Sou Bernal francez, senhora,
  Vossa porta a amor abri.'

Where the rock rebuts the billow
  Ope'd a secret postern gate—
Known alone to Dom Ramiro,
  Warder tried and loving mate.

But, at deadly hour of midnight,
  Thro' that portal one hath gone;
Who ere while stands gently knocking
  At the Lady's Bower—alone!

"Who without so rudely knocking
  Slumber from mine eyes would move;"
"Bernal am I of France, fair Lady!
  "Open to your Knight and love!"

Ao descer do leito d'ouro
  A fina hollanda rasgou,
Ao abrir mansinho a porta
  A luz que se lhe apagou :

Pela mão tremente o toma,
  Ao seu apposento o guia :
' Como treme, amor querido,
  Ésta mão, como está fria ! '

E com osculos ardentes
  E no seio palpitante
Que lhe aquece as frias mãos
  A namorada Violante.

From her bed of gold descending,
  Robe of flowing silk she tore—
And the gust her lamp extinguish'd,
  Gently tho' she ope'd the door.

By the trembling hand she led him
  To her bower, this Leman bold—
" How trembles all my bosom's treasure !
  " And this hand how chill and cold ! "

Then, with sighs and burning kisses,
  In her palpitating breast
By the faithless Violante
  Were those chilly hands caress'd.

‘ De longe vens ? ’—‘ De mui longe.’
—‘ Bravo estava o mar ! ’—‘ Tremendo.’
—‘ Armado vens ! ’—Não responde.
Vai-lhe as armas desprendendo.

Em pura essencia de rosas
O amado corpo banhou,
E em seu leito regallado
A par de si o deitou.

‘ Meia noite ja é dada
Sem para mim te voltares,
Que tens tu, querido amante,
Que me incobres teus pezares !

“ Hast thou come from far”—“ Aye marry”
“ Rough the sea ? ” “ As rocks above ”
“ Com’st thou arm’d ? ” not waiting answer
Straight to loose each clasp she strove.

In essence pure of Arab Roses
Quick the welcome form she bath’d,
And on her dainty couch she laid him,
All in folds of fragrance swathed.

“ Fast the weary night is wasting,
“ Whisper none dost thou impart ?
“ What ails my Love ? let Violante
“ Share the woes of that lov’d heart ?

'Se temes de meus irmãos,
Elles não virão aqui;
Se de meu cunhado temes,
Não é homem para ti.

'Meus criados e vassallos
Por essa tôrre a dormir
Nem de nosso amor suspeitam,
Nem o podem descubrir.

'Se de meu marido temes,
A longes terras andou,
Por la o detenham Mouros,
Saudades ca não deixou.'

"Is't thou fear'st my noble brothers?
"Here their foot shall never fall,
"Or doth Ramiro's kinsman daunt thee?
"Feeble he to match Bernal"—

"Unconscious all my sottish vassals
"Soundly sleep in cell and tower—
"Safe our love, the eye of mortal
"Ne'er shall pierce this hidden bower?"

"Fear'st Ramiro?—well thou know'st him,
"Gone o'er fields of fame to roam;
"Long O lusty Moor detain him!
"No regret shall haste him home."—

'Eu não temo os teus criados,
  Meus criados tambem são;
Irmãos nem cunhado temo,
  São meus cunhados e irmão.

'De teu marido não temo
  Nem tenho de que temer . . .
Aqui está aopé de ti,
  Tu é que deves tremer.'

E o sol ja no oriente erguido
  Da tôrre ameias dourava;
Violante mais bella que elle
  Para a morte caminhava:

"Fear I not thy sleeping vassals—
  "Since mine own these vassals be!
"Fear I not or frere or kinsman—
  "Frere and kinsman both to me!

"Fear I never Don Ramiro
  "Injur'd Lord—behold him here!
"Here beside thee—faithless Leman!
  "Thine the heart may quail with fear!"

—Fair the rosy sun new ris'n
  Tips with gold each rock and tower—
Fairer still—to meet the Headsman
  Violante leaves her bower.

Alva tella aspera e dura
  Veste o corpo delicado,
Por cintura rijo esparto
  Em grosseiro laço atado.

Choram pagens e donzellas,
  Que a piedade o crime esquece ;
O proprio offendido espôso
  Com tal vista se internece.

Dá signal a campa triste,
  O algoz o cutello affia . . .
‘ Meu senhor, mereço a morte,
  A malfadada dizia,

Coarse and harsh the Sackcloth mantle
  That those gentle limbs have on ;
Rough and rude the rope that binds her—
  Rope in place of jewel'd zone.

Weep the pages—weep the maidens—
  Pity bids forget the crime—
Down the beard of injured Husband
  Rain the tears like melting rhime.

Deep and dull the death-bell tolling
  Signal gives the axe to raise ;
“ Welcome death, the death I merit ”—
  (Thus that erring Lady prays)—

‘ De joelhos, Dom Ramiro,
  Humilde perdão vos peço,
Perdoae-me por piedade,
  A morte não, que a mereço :

‘ Da affronta que vos hei feito
  Por minha triste cegueira
Dae-me quitação co'a morte
  N'ésta hora derradeira :

‘ Mas so eu sou criminosa
  Do aggravo que vos fiz,
Não tireis, senhor, vingança
  D'esse misero, infeliz . . . ’

“ Low before thee, Don Ramiro,
  “ In the dust a boon I crave—
Pardon for the sake of pity
  Pardon—not that life shall save—

“ But for the deadly wrong I've done thee !
  “ Wrong that made thy bosom bleed,
“ Assoil me as I cower before thee
  “ In this my hour of bitter need.—

“ Faithless—I alone am guilty—
  “ Never let thy vengeance fall
“ On him my baneful charms deluded,
  “ Spare the wretched Knight Bernal ! ”

Talvez ia perdoar-lhe
  O espôso compadecido,
Renovou-se-lhe o odio todo,
  D'aquelle rôgo offendido :

O semblante roxo d'íra
  Para não vê-la torceu,
E co'a esquerda mão alçada
  O fatal accêno deu.

Sôbre o collo crystallino,
  Desmaiado, e inda tam bello,
De golpe tremendo e subito
  Cai o terrivel cutello.

Quick the husband's love was kindling,
  Pardon trembled on his tongue—
But at name of hated Bernal
  Ruth and pity far he flung—

Flush'd his face with vengeful anger,
  As from her he fain would save
He tore his glance—and arm uplifting
  Mad the fatal signal gave—

On that neck so clear and crystal,
  Beauteous yet, though deadly white—
With a vigour fierce and fatal
  Did the Henchman's axe alight.

Oh! que procissão que sai
  Da antiga porta da tôrre!
Que gente qne acode a ve-la,
  Que povo que triste corre!

Tochas de pallida cera
  Nas trevas da noite escura
Vão dando luz baça e triste,
  Luz que guia á sepultura:

Cubertos com seus capuzes
  Rezam frades ao-redor,
A dobrar desintoados
  Os sinos causam terror...

Oh what dense and long procession
  From the antient gate departs!
Gathering crowds in silence see it—
  Gathering crowds with aching hearts.

Torches and pale waxen tapers
  Thro' the darkness and the gloom
Cast a dim and mournful glimmer—
  Glimmer guiding to the Tomb.

Closed, within their hooded mantles,
  Friars a requiem chaunt around;
Throb all hearts with aweful terror
  At the bell's appalling sound.

Duas noites são passadas,
  Ja não ha luz na setteira,
Mas passando e repassando
  Anda a barca aventureira.

Linda barca tam ligeira
  Que nenhum mar soçobrou
O farol que te guiava,
  Ja não luz, ja se apagou.

A tua linda Violante,
  O teu incanto tam bello,
Por ti teve feia morte,
  Crua morte de cutello.

Twice the moon her course hath wander'd—
  In that loophole all is dark—
Yet o'er the channel, swiftly passing,
  Plies the swift advent'rous bark.—

Pretty Bark so light and buoyant—
  Bark each billowy sea could brave—
The beam, that erst was wont to guide thee,
  Ne'er again shall tinge the wave!

Lo, thy gentle Violante,
  Queen of every witching charm;
For thee a dismal death hath suffered,
  Fall'n beneath the Headsman's arm.

Na igreja de San' Gil
  Ouves a campa a dobrar,
Ves essas tochas ao longe?
  Ella que vai a interrar.

Ja se fez o interramento,
  Ja cahiu a louza fria,
So na igreja solitaria
  Um cavalleiro se via;

Vestido de dó tam negro,
  E mais negro o coração,
Sôbra e fresca sepultura
  De rôjo se atira ao chão:

From Tower of St. Gil resounding
  Hear'st thou not the knelling boom?
See'st thou not the torches glimmer?
  Slow they bear her to the Tomb.

And now the funeral rites are over
  Fix'd the cold sepulchral stone—
In those aisles, so lately crowded,
  A cavalier is seen alone!

All of black his mournful raiment—
  Blacker still his bosom's wound—
As by the new made grave despairing,
  Flat he cast him on the ground.

‘ Abre-te, ó campa sagrada,
  Abre-te a um infeliz ! . .
Seremos na morte unidos
  Ja que em vida o ceo não quiz.

‘ Abre-te, ó campa sagrada
  Que escondes tal formosura,
Esconde tambem meu crime
  Com a sua desventura.

‘ Vida que eu viver não quero,
  Vida que eu so tinha n’ella,
Recebe-a, ó campa sagrada,
  Que não posso ja soffrê-la.’

“ Open, holy Tomb, thy portals—
  “ Ope a broken heart to hide—
“ Ope and fix in death that union,
  “ Life to hapless love denied !

“ Open, holy Tomb, thy portals !—
  “ Hiding charms so passing bright—
“ My dark crime, with her ill-fortune,
  “ Bury in eternal night.

“ Open, holy Tomb thy portals !—
  “ Take a gift that I disown—
“ Let me yield for Violante
  “ Life that lived on her alone !

E o pranto de correr,
  E os soluços de estallar,
E a mão que leva á espada
  Para alli se traspassar.

Mas a mão gelou no punho
  Voz que da campa se erguia,
Voz que ainda é suave e doce,
  Mas tam medonha e tam fria,
Do sepulchro tam cortada,
  Que as carnes lhe arripia
E a vida deixou parada:

Fell his tears—fell fast and freely—
  Groans of anguish heav'd his breast—
Firm he grasp'd his trusty faulchion.
  So to give his sorrows rest.

But on the hilt his hand was frozen!
  From the dark sepulchral mould
Arose a voice, still sweet and tender,
  But so fearful and so cold.—

Cold as the clay from which it sounded,
  Terror through each nerve it spoke;
The pulse of life was all suspended
  Cramp'd as tho' by palsy stroke!

‘ Vive, vive, cavalleiro,
Vive tu que eu ja vivi;
Morte que me deu meu crime,
Fui eu so que a mereci.

‘ Ai n’este gêlo da campa,
Onde tudo é frio horror,
So da existencia conservo
Meu remorso e meu amor !

‘Braços com que te abraçava
Ja não teem vigor em si;
Cobre a terra humida e dura
Os olhos com que te vi;

“ Live, Sir Knight, O live belov’d!
“ Live tho’ I no longer live—
“ Mine alone, who have deserv’d it,
“ Be the death our crime should give.

“ Alas, beneath this frozen marble
“ Where cold horror laps my corse,
“ All that seems to hint existence
“ Is my love and my remorse !

“ Arms, with which I once embrac’d thee,
“ Fix’d and rigid lie compos’d—
“ Eyes, which fondly gaz’d upon thee,
“ Clods of callous earth have clos’d.

‘ Boca com que te bejava
  Ja não tem sabor em si ;
Coração com que te amava . . .
  Ai ! so n’esse não morri !

‘ Vive, vive, cavalleiro,
  Vive, vive, e sê ditoso ;
E apprende em meu triste fado
  A ser pae e a ser espôso :

‘ Donzella com quem casares
  Chama-lhe tambem Violante :
Não amará mais do que eu . . .
  Mas—que seja mais constante !

“ The mouth forsworn with which I kiss’d thee
  “ Boasts no more its honied dew—
“ The treach’rous heart with which I lov’d thee !
  “ Oh ! would that that were senseless too !

“ Live Sir Knight—O live belov’d !
  “ Live and may’st thou blessed be !
“ And oh, thy life as husband—father
  “ Guide by warning thought of me.

“ The happy maiden whom thou chooseth
  Give her Violante’s name—
“ Be she in love a Violante—
  “ In love—but nought besides the same.

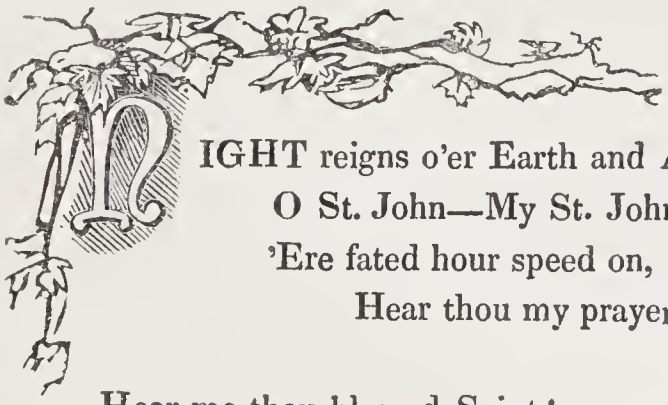
‘Filhas que d’ella tiveres
Ensina-as melhor que a mi,
Que se não percam por homens
Como me eu perdi por ti.’

“The treasur’d children she may bear thee;
Purer than mine their culture be
“That ne’er they lose themselves in passion,
“As I have lost myself for thee.”

Noite De San'João.

MEIA-NOITE ja é dada,
San'João, meu San'João,
N'ésta noite abençoada
Ouvi a minha oração!

'Ouvi-me, sancto bemditto,
Ouvi a minha oração,
Com ser eu moira nascida
E vós um sancto christão:



NIGHT reigns o'er Earth and Air—
O St. John—My St. John
'Ere fated hour speed on,
Hear thou my prayer!

Hear me thou blessed Saint!
Christian Saint, hear my prayer,
Tho' my faith Moslem were
Thine without taint.

'Que eu ja deixei a Mafoma
E a sua lei do alkorão,
E so quero a vós, meu sancto,
Sancto do meu Dom João.

'Como eu queimo ésta alcachofa
Em vossa fogueira benta,
Amor queime a saudade
Que no peito me arrebenta.

'Como arde ésta alcachofa
Na vossa fogueira benta.
Assim arda a negra barba
Do moiro que me atormenta.

Far from Mohammed gone,
Alkoran nought to me,
I bow my heart to thee,
Saint of Dom John!

As I consume this plant
In the fire made to thee
Love glows anew in me—
Hear my heart pant!

As burns this plant on floor
In the fire lit for thee,
So let the black beard be
Of threatening Moor!

'Como ésta fogueira abraza
A minha alcachofa benta,
Ao meu cavalleiro abraze
A chamma de amor violenta.

'Sacudi do alto do ceo
Vossa cappella de flores,
Que n'este ramo queimado
Renasçam por meus amores.

'Orvalhadas milagrosas
Que saram de tantas dores,
N'este coração, meu sancto,
Apaguem n'os meus ardores.

As burns the kindling light
This thy devoted flow'r
So may Love's genial pow'r
Kindle my knight!

From height of heav'n amain
Scatter the garlands gay
That in this Love spell may
Spring forth again—

Marvellous falling Dews
That cure Love's burning grief
My Saint! their cool relief
Do not refuse!

'San'João, meu San'João,
Sancto de tantos primores,
N'ésta noite abençoada,
Oh ! trazei-me os meus amores !'

Ja se apagava a fogueira,
Ja se acabava a oração,
Ainda está de joelhos
A moira no seu balcão.

Os olhos tinha alongados,
Batia-lhe o coração :
Muita fe tem aquella alma,
Grande é sua devoção !

Saint ! whom soft pitie's move,
O St. John, my St. John,
'Ere glide this blest night on
Bring me my love !

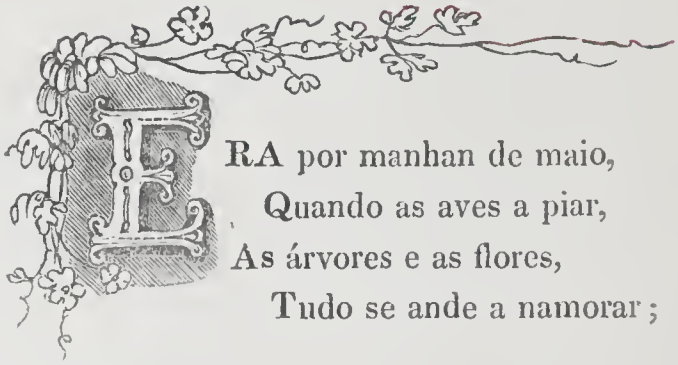
No more the fire you see—
Hush'd is the gushing pray'r
Yet still the maiden there
Bends on the knee.—

Upraised her anxious eye
While throbs the glowing breast
Where Faith and Meekness rest
With Purity.

Ouviu-a o sancto bemditto :
  Que, por sua intercessão,
D'aquelle extasi accordava
  Nos braços de Dom João.

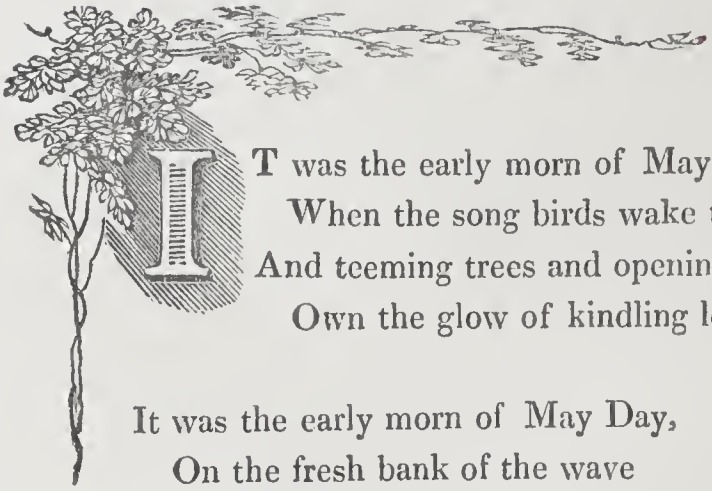
Kindly the Saint look'd on
    And by his fav'ring aid
    Blooms now that happy maid
      Bride of Dom John!

Rosalinda.



ERA por manhan de maio,
Quando as aves a piar,
As árvores e as flores,
Tudo se ande a namorar;

Era por manhan de maio,
A fresca riba do mar,
Quando a infanta Rosalinda
Alli se estava a toucar.



IT was the early morn of May Day,
When the song birds wake the grove,
And teeming trees and opening flowers
Own the glow of kindling love.

It was the early morn of May Day,
On the fresh bank of the wave
Sat the Infanta Rosalinda
Bent her flowing locks to lave.

Trazem das flores vermelhas,
  Das brancas para a infeitar;
Tam lindas flores como ella
  Não n'as poderam achar.

Que é Rosalinda mais linda
  Que a rosa que o nenuphar,
Mais pura que a açucena
  Que a manhan abre a chorar.

Passava o conde almirante
  Na sua gallé do mar;
Tantos remos tem por banda
  Que se não podem contar;

Flowers they bring her red and rosy
  Flowers they bring her virgin white—
But on a blossom soft as she is
  Questing eye may never light.

Softer far is Rosalinda
  Than the rose that decks the thorn—
Purer than the purest Lily
  That opes to weep at dewy morn.

The Count-High Admiral passed by her
  In his galley of the sea—
On each side so many rowers
  Told aright they may not be.

Captivos qne a vão remando
A Moirama os foi tomar ;
D'elles são grandes senhores,
D'elles de sangue real :

Que não ha moiro seguro
Entre Ceuta e Gibraltar
Mal sai o conde almirante
Na sua gallé do mar.

Oh que tam linda galera,
Que tam certo é seu remar !
Mais lindo capitão leva,
Mais certo no marear.

Of the captive bands who row'd it—
All from Afric's bosom torn—
Some were proud and mighty nobles
Some of kingly blood were born.

Betwixt Ceuta and Gibraltar
If one Moor in safety be,
Ill at ease the Lord Count saileth
In his galley of the sea.

O ! how gentle glides the galley
Answering well the guiding oar—
More gentle still he who commands it,
Skill'd to leave or gain the shore.

'Dizei-me, o conde almirante
Da vossa gallé do mar,
Se os captivos que tomais
Todos los fazeis remar?'

Dizei-me, a bella infanta,
Linda Rosa sem egual,
Se os escravos que tendes
Todos vos sabem toucar?'

'Cortez sois, Dom Almirante:
Sem responder, perguntar!'
—'Responder, responderei;
Mas não vos heisde infadar.

"Count Lord Admiral tell me truly
From your galley of the sea,
If the captives that you conquer
All to row compelled be?"

"Fair Infanta! tell me truly—
Without equal, Rose so fair!
The many slaves that gladly tend thee
Tire they all thy flowing hair?"

"Art thou courteous, Count! so lordly
Asking thus—not answering me?
Answer thou, and I will answer,
To me thou must not silent be."

'Captivas tenho de todos,
  Mais bastos que um aduar;
Uns que mareiam as vélas,
  Outros no banco a remar:

'As captivas que são lindas
  Na poppa vão a dançar,
Tecendo alfombras de flores
  P'ra seu senhor se deitar.'

—'Respondeis, respondo eu,
  Que é boa lei de pagar:
Tenho escravos para tudo,
  Que fazem o meu mandar;

"Of the slaves who round me muster
  Each the allotted task doth know,
Some aloft the sails to manage,
  Some upon the bench to row.

The lady captives soft and gentle
  Twine on deck the mazy dance—
Deftly weaving flowery carpets,
  Couch for Lord in dreamy trance."

"Thou'st answer'd, and I answer thee—
  For good the law that bids re-pay.
I have slaves for every purpose—
  Slaves who all my will obey.

'D'elles para me vestir,
D'elles para me toucar . . .
Para um so tenho outro imprêgo,
Mas está, por captivar.'

—'Captivo está, tam captivo
Que se não quer resgatar.
Rema, a terra a terra, moiros,
Voga certo, e a varar!'

Ja se foi a Rosalinda
Com o almirante a folgar:
Fazem sombra as larangeiras,
Goivos lhe dão cabeçal.

Some to fit my varied vestments
Some to tire my flowing hair—
For one I keep another office,
But him my toils must yet ensnare!'

"He's ta'en—he's thine! So fully captur'd
That ne'er would he be ransom'd more!
Pull to the land—the land, ye vassals,
And drive the galley high ashore!"

Then sweet with fairest Rosalinda
And noble Count the moments sped—
While orange groves her form o'ershadow'd
And flowrets garlanded her head.

Mas fortuna, due não deixa
  A nenhum bem sem dezar,
Faz que um monteiro d'elrei
  Por alli venha a passar.

'Oh monteiro, do que viste,
  Monteiro, não vás contar:
Dou-te tantas bolsas de oiro
  Quantas tu possas levar.'

Tudo o que viu o monteiro
  A elrei o foi contar,
Á casa da estudaria
  Aonde estava a estudar.

But crabbed fate, that will not suffer
  Any good without allay,
Led the steps of the king's huntsman,
  As he roam'd to walk that way.

"What thine eyes have seen, O huntsman!
  Huntsman! prithee do not tell—
Purses fill'd with gold I give thee—
  As much as thou can carry well."

All the royal huntsman witness'd
  Did he to the King make known,
On study bent in private closet
  Thoughtful sitting and alone.

'Se â puridade o disseras,
  Tença te havia de dar:
Quem taes novas da tam alto,
  Alto hade ir . . . a inforcar.

'Arma, arma, meus archeiros
  Sem charamellas tocar!
Cavalleiros e piões,
  Tudo a tapada a cercar.'

Inda não é meio dia,
  Começa a campa a dobrar;
Inda não é meia noite
  Vão ambos a degollar:

'Whisper low the news you bring me—
  And we give thee guerdon rare,
Raise on high thy voice to sound it—
  And we hang thee high in air.

To arms—to arms my faithful Archers
  Without the rousing war-pipes sound—
My Cavaliers, and trusty foot-men
  Haste the grove to circle round!"

It is not yet the glow of mid-day—
  Loud and long the bell doth boom!
It is not yet the gloom of midnight—
  Walk they both to meet their doom!

Ao toque de ave-marias
  Foram ambos a interrar;
A infanta no altar mor,
  Elle á porta principal.

Na cova de Rosalinda
  Nasce uma árvore real,
Na cova do almirante
  Nasceu um lindo rosal:

Elrei, assim que tal soube,
  Mandou-os logo cortar,
Que os fizessem em lenha
  Para no lume queimar.

To the Sound of Ave-Marias,
  Both are tomb'd in solemn state—
She before the altar holy,
  He beneath the western gate.

Soon the grave of Rosalinda
  Did a Royal tree disclose—
Soon the grave of Count so noble
  Show'd a bed of softest rose.

When the Monarch heard the marvels
  Quick he bade them both destroy,—
Giving to the ruthless flame each
  Record of departed joy.

Cortados e recortados,
  Tornavam a rebentar;
E o vento que os incostava,
  E elles iam-se abraçar.

Elrei, quando tal ouviu,
  Nunca mais pôde fallar;
A rainha, que tal soube,
  Cahia logo mortal:

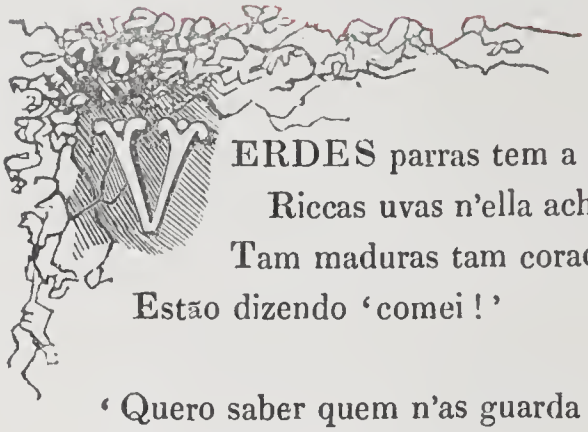
'Não me chamem mais rainha,
  Rainha de Portugal . . .
Apartei dous innocentes
  Que Deus queria juntar!'

The trees they cut, and roses scatter
  Still the emblems thrive again—
E'en as the air which them embracing
  Feeleth neither wound nor pain.

The King when he was told the story,
  Ceased he to speak for aye
And when the Queen the wonder heard
  Moan'd she thus her dying lay.

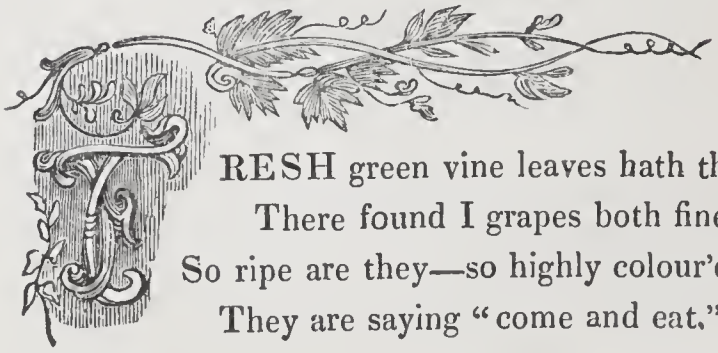
"Call me not Queen!—a Queen no longer,
  She who such dread deed hath done!
Two spotless souls I've rent asunder—
  Whom heav'n would fain have joined in one!'

O Chapim D'ElRei, ou Parras Verdes.



VERDES parras tem a vinha,
Riccas uvas n'ella achei,
Tam maduras tam coradas . . .
Estão dizendo 'comei!'

'Quero saber quem n'as guarda;
Ide, mordomo, e sabei:'
Disse o rei ao seu mordomo.
Mas porque o dizia o rei?



FRESH green vine leaves hath the vineyard,
There found I grapes both fine and sweet,
So ripe are they—so highly colour'd—
They are saying "come and eat."

"I wish to know who 'tis that guards them—
Haste, Mordōmo! haste and know"
Says the King to his Mordōmo,
But why did the king say so?

Porque viu n'aquelle monte
—E como elle o viu não sei—
Essa donna imparedada,
Não se saba por que lei,

Que por seu mal é condessa,
Condessa de Valderey:
Antes ser pobre e villan,
Antes pela minha fei!

Verdes parras tem a vinha;
Uvas que lhe víra elrei
Tam maduras, tam coradas,
Estão dizendo 'comei!

Because the king saw in that mountain,
How saw he her I do not know—
That incomparable Donna—
My reading does not tell me how.

Who to her sorrow is a Countess,
Countess she of Valderey;
Rather would she, by my halidom,
Rather—a poor peasant be.

Fresh green vine leaves hath the vineyard
Grapes which the king will go to greet—
So ripe are they, so highly colour'd
They are saying "come and eat."

Veio o mordomo do monte:
  ' Boas novas, senhor rei!
A vinha anda bem guardada,
  Mas eu sempre la entrei.

' O donno foi-se a outras terras,
  Quando voltará não sei;
A porta é velha, e a porteira
  Com chave de ouro a tentei.

' Serve a chave á maravilha,
  Tudo porfim ajustei:
Ésta noite á meia-noite
  Comvosco á vendima irei.'

Comes the Mordōmo from the mountain,
  " Best of news to you I bring;
Though the vineyard is well guarded,
  Yet have I enter'd—Senhor King! —

" The owner is in other countries;
  When comes he back, I cannot say,
The gate is old—the yielding portress
  To key of gold gave ready way.

" To a wonder that key serv'd me,
  All was soon adjusted so,
That this eve at hour of midnight
  With you I'll to the vintage go."

—' Valeis um reino, mordomo,
Grandes mercês vos farei:
Esta noite á meia-noite
Riccas uvas comerei.

' A vinha tem parras verdes,
Mas uvas que eu lhe avistei
São maduras, são tam bellas,
Estão dizendo ' comei! '

Ao pino da meia-noite
Foi mordomo e foi o rei:
Doblas que deram á velha,
Um conto que nem eu sei.

" Your'e worth a kingdom "—my Mordōmo!
Grand reward I'll make to thee;
This eve then, at the hour of midnight
Rich grapes shall be eat by me."

Fresh green vine leaves hath the vineyard
More grapes than I before did meet—
So beautiful and so ripe are they
They are saying "come and eat."

In the dead of the midnight hour
Went the Mordōmo—went the king—
Of Doblas to the portress giv'n,
'Tis not for me the account to sing.

'Mordomo ficae á porta,
  Á porta, que eu entrarei;
Não me saltem cães na vinha
  Em quanto eu vendimarei.'

A porteira o que lhe importa
  E o dá-me que te darei . . .
No camarim da condessa
  Veis agora entrar o rei.

Levava um candil acceso,
  Era de prata, sabei:
Não ha senão prata e oiro
  Na casa de Valderey.

"Mordōmo! stay you at the portal—
  The portal where I enter in—
Let not guard dogs with me grapple,
  Whil'st the grapes I'm gathering."

The portress now to meet his wish,
  Exchange for what he gave doth bring:—
At the chamber of the Countess
  Behold there entereth the king.

She bore a lamp both rich and massy,
  It was of silver I could see—
Nought but of silver or of gold
  Is in the house of Valderey.

Da vinha as parras são verdes,
As uvas maduras sei,
São tam coradas, tam bellas . . .
D'ellas—quando comerei!

No camarim da condessa
Tudo andava á mesma lei,
Era o ceo d'aquelle anjo;
Que mais vos diga não sei.

Riccas sedas de Millão,
Toalhas de Courtenay . , .
Tremia o rei—se era susto,
Se era de gôsto não sei.

The fresh green leaves are in the vineyard,
The grapes in it are ripe and sweet;
So beautiful—so warmly colour'd—
Ah me, of them when shall I eat?

All in the chamber of the Countess
Gold was with silver suited well,
It was the Heav'n of that Angel,
No more hath my poor tongue to tell.

Rich silks were there of Millaõ,
The towels were of Courteney;
The King he trembled— if from terror
Or from good faith, I cannot say.

Cortinas de seda verde
  Vai ergo não erguerei . . .
Tal clarão lhe deu na vista,
  Como não cahiu não sei.

Era uma tal formosura . . .
  Ora que mais vos derei?
Outro primor como aquelle
  Não vistes nem eu verei.

    Verdes parras tem a vinha,
      Riccas uvas lhe avistei,
    Tam formosas, tam maduras,
      Estão dizendo—'comei!'

Green silk curtains hung before him,
  Still he ne'er essay'd to raise;
The vision bright I may not sing,
  That daunted thus his baffled gaze.

It was a thing so passing lovely,
  What more to say I do not ween—
Dainties other such as this,
  You may not see, nor have I seen.

    Fresh green vine leaves hath the vineyard
      Saw I there grapes ripe and sweet—
    So beautiful and so ripe are they—
      They are saying "come and eat."

Dormia tam descançada
  Como eu no ceo dormirei
Quando for tam innocente . . .
  Jesus! se eu la chegarei!

De joelhos toda a noite
  Alli fica o bom do rei
Pasmado a olhar para ella
  Sem bulir nem mão nem pei

E dizia: 'Senhor Deus!
  Perdoae-me o que ja pequei,
Mas este anjo de innocencia
  Não sou eu que offenderei.'

Slept she there so undisturb'd
  As I in heav'n above shall sleep—
Jesus! when I find thee there,
  If innocent thy law I keep.

On his knees then all the night
  Good did the King ill thought withstand;
Gazing, wond'ring thus to see her
  Without moving foot or hand.

And thus he said—"Oh God my sire!
  Pardon what I ask'd before—
This angel here so pure and bright
  It is not I will injure her."

Tem verdes parras a vinha;
Lindas uvas que eu lhe achei,
Tenho medo que me travem
D'ellas, ai! não comerei.

Ja vinha arraiando o dia,
E elle como vos contei . . .
Ouve apitar o mordomo . . .
'Jesus, senhor, me valei!'

Era o signal ajustado
—Vindo o conde, apitarei—
Deixou cahir as cortinas
Dizendo: 'Não vendimei!

The vineyard hath fresh green leaves in it
Grapes found I in it ripe and sweet
But I fear to tamper with them—
Ah! of them I will not eat.

Now came on the shining morrow—
Then it was, as goes the tale—
The Mordōmo a whistle heard
"Jesus Lord now me avail!"

This was the appointed signal
The mode the Count was us'd to take—
The king did not the curtains draw
Saying, "I will not vintage make."

Lindas parras tem a vinha,
Bellas uvas n'ella achei,
Mas doeu-me a consciencia,
Taes uvas não comerei.

Deita a correr com tal pressa
Que voava o bom do rei:
'Ai qne perdi um chapim! . . '
—'Tomae, que um meu vos darei:

'Mas nem um instante mais,
Que o conde ja avistei
Descendo d'aquella altura;
Se nos colherá não sei . . .'

Beautiful green leaves hath the vineyard
In it I found grapes lovely sweet,
But my conscience inward grieves me,
Grapes like these I will not eat.

Mordōmo ran with rapid vigour
In order that the king may flee—
"Alas a slipper I have lost"—
"Take one of mine I give to thee."

They fled, but in another instant
Since the whistle they did hear
Descends the Count from off the mountain,
"If he shall catch us woe and fear."

Era o medo do mordomo:
  Outro era o medo do rei.
Qual d'elles tinha razão
  Agora vo-lo direi.

    Parras verdes viu na vinha,
      Uvas maduras de lei;
    Foi travo da consciencia,
      Diz: 'D'ellas não comerei.'

Chega o conde á sua tôrre,
  O conde de Valderey,
Topou n'um chapim bordado;
Como ficou não direi.

One fear harass'd the Mordōmo,
  Other fear assail'd the King,
Which of them had reason greater
  Soon unto you will I sing.

    Green leaves saw I in the vineyard
      Grapes quite ripe and richly sweet—
    But, by his tender conscience guarded,
      Quoth the King, "I will not eat."

Seeketh now the Count his tower—
  The valiant Count of Valderey;
He lit upon the broider'd slipper,
  How it chanc'd I cannot say.

Vai-se ao quarto da condessa:
  " Morrerá, matá-la-hei.'
Viu-a a dormir tam serena:
  ' Jesus! não sei que farei!'

Corre a casa ao deredor:
  ' Deus me tenha em sua lei,
Que ou ésta mulher é bruxa
  Ou eu c'o chapim sonhei!

' O chapim aqui o tenho,
  O chapim bem n'o topei...
Mas que durma assim tam manso
  Quem tal fez, não o crerei.'

To the chamber of the Countess
  Goes he—will he strike the blow?
Serenely sleeping doth he see her:
  " Jesus! I know not what to do."

In disorder is the household—
  " God have me in his holy keep,
Either witch must be this woman
  Or this same slipper mock'd my sleep."

" The slipper which I have before me
  The slipper it bespeaks no good,
Who could think that she could slumber
  In so pure and gentle mood."

Entrou a scismar n'aquillo :
‘ Valha-me Deus ! que farei ?
Por menos fica homem doudo;
E eu como o não ficarei ?

‘ Minha vinha tam guardada !
Uvas que n'ella deixei
Não é fructa que se conte . . .
Da que me falta não sei.’

Foi-se fechar no mais alto
Da tôrre de Valderey :
‘ Não quero comer do pão,
Nem do vinho beberei ;

Wild the doubts that rise within him—
“ Help me Heaven ! with guiding light,
“ Baffling madness louring round
“ Forbids me see my path aright.

“ Oh ! my vineyard so well guarded !
“ The precious grapes which there I left—
“ Where is the fruit on which I counted ?
“ Tell me of which I am bereft ?

Straight the Count himself imprison'd
In highest tower of Valderey—
“ Ne'er shall bread assuage my hunger—
Ne'er shall wine my thirst allay—

Minhas barbas e cabellos
  Tambem mais os não farei,
Que ésta verdade não saiba
  D'aqui me não tirarei.'

  ' Verdes parras d'essa vinha
    Uvas que eu não comerei,
  Ficae-vos sêccas embora
    Que eu ja'gora—morrerei.

Por tres dias e tres noites
  Que se guarda aquella lei;
Clama a triste da condessa:
  ' Ao seu mal que lhe farei!'

" Beard and hair grown rough and ragged
  " Care from me shall ne'er receive;—
" Till the truth be plain before me
  " Ne'er will I this refuge leave.'

  " Oh! ye green leaves of the vineyard
    " Grapes that I no more may taste!
  " Quickly may ye pine and wither,
    " Quickly pine like me and waste.

Thrice the sun hath sunk and ris'n,
  Still groaning thus he lonely sate—
While faithful Countess grieving utter'd,
  " How shall I soothe his mournful state."

De quem foi ella valer-se?
  Agora vo-lo direi.
Foi lastimar-se a innocente . . .
  Onde iria?—ao proprio rei.

'Ide, condessa, ide embora,
  Que eu remedio lhe darei;
O segredo do seu mal
  Sei-o eu . . . Se o saberei?

'Palavra de cavalleiro
  Em lealdade vos darei
Que ou elle hade ser quem era
  Ou eu, quem sou, não serei.'

Whither may she flee for succour?
  Who shall aid and solace bring?
Innocence may challenge pity,
  Where shall she wend? Unto the King!

That I some remedy may find thee
  Faithful Countess quickly go,
The secret of his sad affliction
  Be't mine or here or there to know.

On leal word of Cavelleiro
  Troth and faith I plight to thee,
Pure she shall be found and spotless,
  Or I myself shall recreant be.

As verdes parras da vinha,
As uvas que eu cubicei,
Ellas a travar-me n'alma . . .
E mais d'ellas não provei !

Fôra d'alli a condessa,
Não tardou em ir o rei :
' Quero ouvir o que elles dizem,
A ésta porta escutarei.'

Ouviu uma voz celeste
Como tal nunca ouvirei,
Cantando em doce toado
Este triste vireley :

Oh ! the green leaves of the Vine tree !
Grapes I sought with eager haste !
To the soul their beauty touch'd me—
Bloom so pure I dar'd not taste.—

Quickly thence the Countess hurried
To the King—nor tarried more,
What they say I wish to hear
So will I listen at the door.

Hist !—A voice of heavenly sweetness
Steals upon my ravished ears—
While this sad plaint the mourner sang
Mocking music of the spheres.

'Ja fui vinha bem cuidada,
Bem querida, bem trattada;
Como eu medrei!
Ora não sou nem serei:
O porquê não sei
Nem n'o saberei!'

Com as lagrymas nos olhos
Foi d'alli o bom do rei:
'Oiçamos agora o outro,
E o que sabe, saberei.'

—'Minha vinha tam guardada!
Quando n'ella entrei
Rastos do ladrão achei,

"Once I was a Vine well guarded
Taught by tending Love to grow—
Now I lack that fost'ring nurture—
Why—I scarce dare ask to know."

Then shone out the Royal goodness—
Tear of pity dimm'd his eye—
Quick of the other side inform me,
That the truth I may descry.—

'My fresh vineyard so well guarded,
When I enter'd it again,

Se me elle roubou não sei :
Como o saberei ? '

Era o conde a lastimar-se.
Surrindo dizia o rei :
—Se era de si ou do conde
Que elle se ria não sei—

' Eu fui que na vinha entrei,
Rastos de ladrão deixei,
Parras verdes levantei,
Uvas bellas
N'ellas—vi :
E assim Deus me salve a mi
Como, d'ellas
Não comi ! '

Trace of plundering thief I noted—
What he stole I ask in vain."

Ceased the Count o'erwhelm'd with sorrow,
But then laughing said the King—
(Whether at self or at the mourner
Aim'd that laugh I cannot sing.)

" 'Twas I who did the vineyard enter,
Of plundering thief I left the trace—
Grapes I saw—but Heav'n so save me—
Not a grape did I displace.

A porta tinha uma fresta;
  Tirou o chapim do pei,
Atirou-lh'o para dentro,
  Disse-lhe: 'Vêde e sabei.'

Do mais que alli succedeu
  Para que vos contarei?
O conde soube a verdade
  E o rei soube—ser rei.

    Verdes parras tem a vinha,
      Riccas uvas la deixei:
    Quem m'a guardou foi o medo . . .
      De Dues e da sua lei.

A fracture was there in the portal
  The slipper from my foot it tore—
Need'st thou proof? behold it here—
  —Its fellow from within he bore.

Of the joy that followed after
  Little need I more impart,
Glad the Count the truth admitted,
  And the King play'd the kingly part.

"Fresh green leaves hath the vineyard
  Richest grapes were those I saw;—
It was fear that kept them safely,
  Fear of God and of his law."

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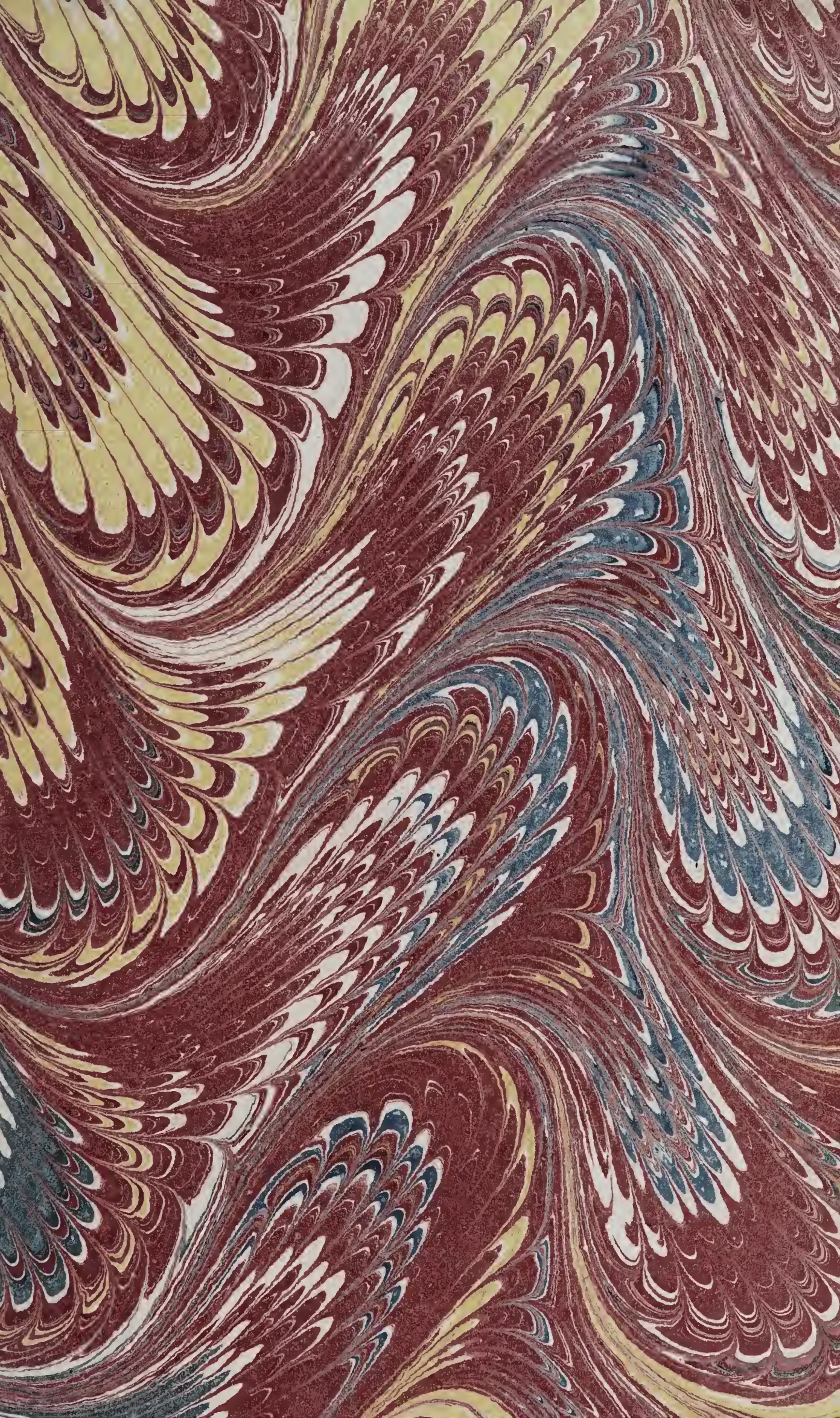
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